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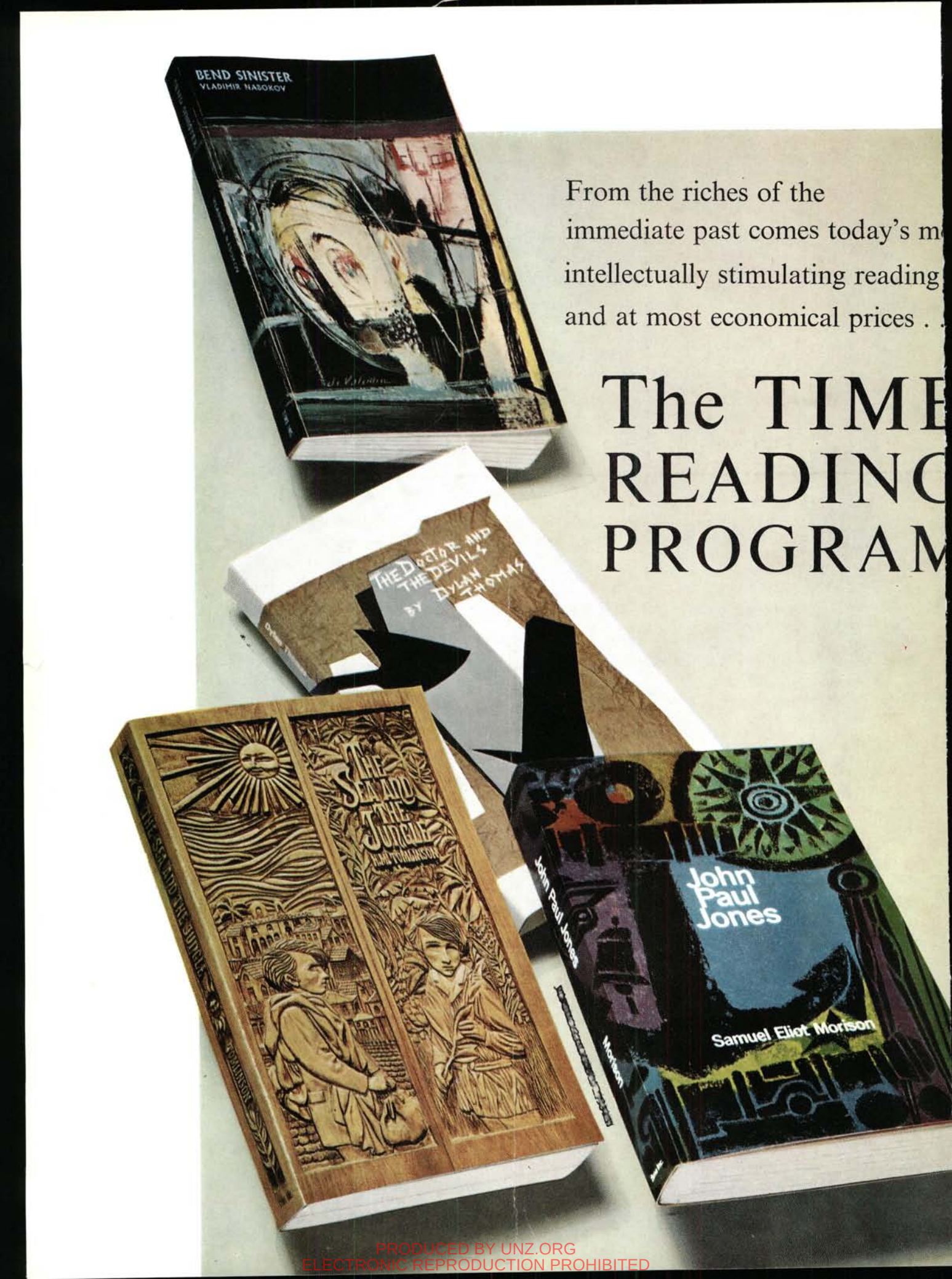

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RAMPARTS

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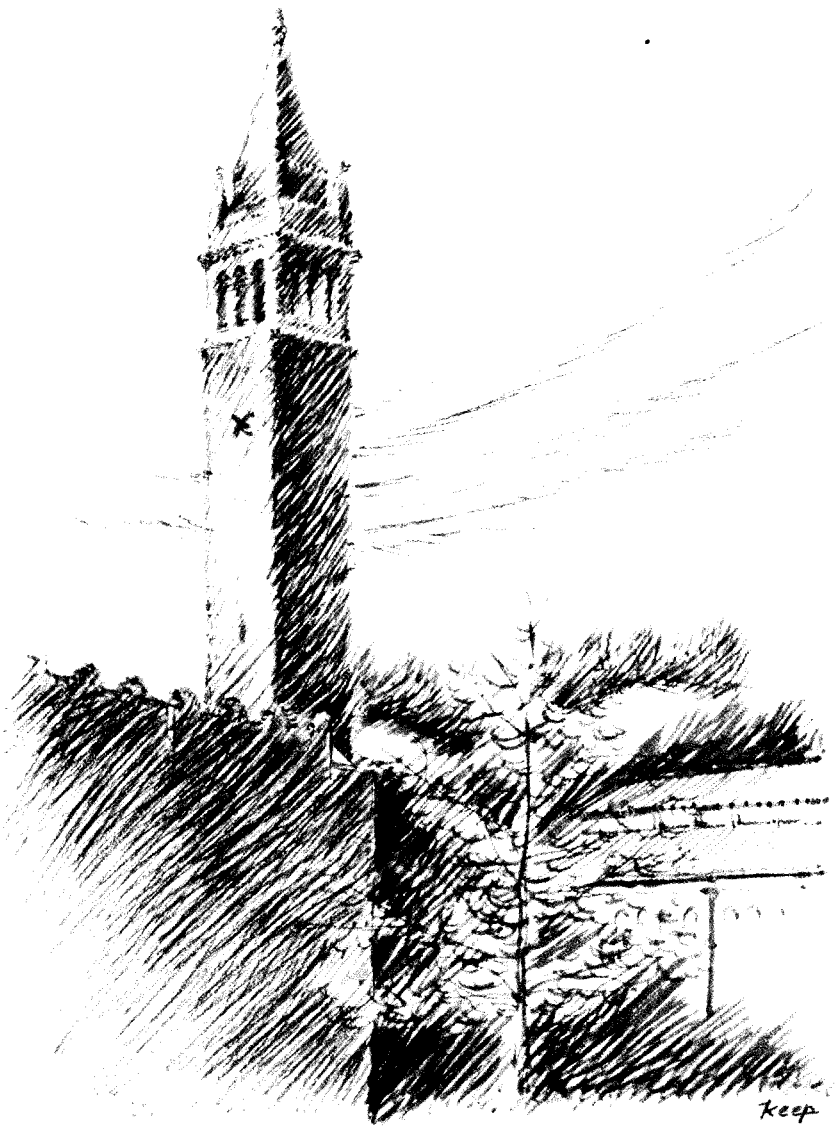
marginalia

EDITORIAL: *The Lesson of Berkeley*



The recent events at the Berkeley campus of the University of California were, of course, unfortunate. They were also singularly meaningful.

American university life will never be the same after the student rebellion—a rebellion supported by the faculty—against a paternalistic and bungling administration that was incapable of recognizing that students could actually be **serious** about such abstract constitutional issues as free political movement and free speech.

The issues were clear and fundamental and important. It is unfortunate that the ferment at Berkeley remains confusing to the majority of Americans.

The confusion is, in part, the product of a predisposition to view all actions of college students in the framework of goldfish-swallowing and panty raids, or as the madcap antics of idealistic undergraduate splinter groups. The Berkeley administration shared this view, and this is why it was so dramatically wrong in the fall and early winter of 1964.

When the students returned to their sprawling campus in mid-September, they found a new set of regulations awaiting them. Though couched in general terms, the new rules were obviously directed at curtailing the burgeoning civil rights activities on campus. Recruiting, fund-raising, distribution of "persuasive literature," organization or planning for action of any kind—in short, all meaningful political activity—was prohibited.

President Clark Kerr's administration offered no substantial explanation for the restrictions; the students assumed that he was responding to pressure from businessmen in surrounding communities who were disturbed at the involvement of UC students in civil rights demonstrations.

The impasse was never resolved. It culminated in the arrest of nearly 800 students in a massive sit-in demonstration in Sproul Hall, the university administration building. The attitude of the administration made such an unseemly event possible. During the long negotiations over freedom of speech on the besieged campus President Kerr seemed more disposed to punish the students than to **listen** to them. This paternalistic approach almost destroyed the esprit de corps of the flagship campus of the

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nation's largest university. But the students found that the earth would not open up at their feet and sink them into oblivion when they stood up against authoritarian bureaucracy. That is why college life will never be quite the same in America.

Despite the manifest confusion over the chain of events at Berkeley, there are three manifest facts:

1. It was a genuine **student** movement, not the work of "willful agitators," "Communists," or other names in the red-baiting lexicon. Some 80 per cent of those arrested in Sproul Hall were students in the university, and the small percentage of non-students included such interlopers as the wives, brothers and sisters of Cal students.

Most of these students had above average grades. They were not professional malcontents.

". . . A student movement supported by the faculty."

2. It was a student movement **supported** by the faculty. Voting 824 to 115, the university's Academic Senate sided with the students on the issues and went over President Kerr's head to the University Regents to plead for freedom of political and social action on the campus.

3. There were fundamental **constitutional** issues involved. The Administration in asserting its intention to punish students for activity on campus resulting in illegal action off-campus (i.e., sit-in demonstrations resulting in arrests), raised the issues of prior restraint and double jeopardy. In effect, it was attempting to slap the wrists of those who dared place themselves on the firing line of social justice.

President Kerr's manifest inability to even see these issues as issues must be viewed in the larger environment of the "multiversity" he directs. The Berkeley campus has grown to a fantastic 27,500 students in recent years. In attempting to keep pace with the physical needs of this tremendous influx of undergraduates—and while negotiating for more government defense and research contracts—the "multiversity "has lost sight of the traditional student-teacher relationship.

". . . the IBM card has become the symbol of the campus."

The IBM card has become the symbol of the campus. Many students never see their professor—they just share his voice and televised image with about 1500 others attending his "lectures." Faculty members complain that they are penalized for spending time with their students through a "publish-or-perish" system of promotions. The student feels part of a huge, bureaucratic learning machine—the same unlistening "machine" that Mario Savio said he wanted to bring to a halt with the massive demonstrations.

The real failure in the Berkeley situation was the failure to recognize that today's college students are **involved,** deeply, with the world about them. The administration did not understand their activities because they did not fit within the political spectrum as the administration imagined it.

Probably what best identifies the nature of these students is that a good many of them are also active in civil rights—members of CORE, SNCC, the NAACP, people who have been in Mississippi. The movement for racial justice is an essential part of their lives. As James Farmer said at Berkeley, without the college students, there just wouldn't be the civil rights movement as we know it today. Just as most white Americans cannot understand the civil rights movement, so they are also incapable of understanding what happened at Berkeley.

These young people perceive an important moral issue and they are impelled by a moral imperative to act in opposition to the institutions that have produced the problem. From this flows direct action, whether it takes place in McComb, Mississippi or Berkeley, California. These students do not feed on abstract political theory; they are battling against the traditional bureaucratic and established methods because they see those methods as failing, critically, to solve the great moral issues facing this nation: racial justice, the existence of poverty in the midst of plenty, the establishment of peace in a world dominated by the thermonuclear threat.

". . . raze the ivory towers . . ."

The students were asking the UC administration to raze the ivory towers, to give them freedom to struggle with the difficult problems of the world outside the campus. There is no doubt that, after the events last December, students in other colleges will put this question to their own administrations. And unless their administrators understand what Clark Kerr did not, they may be faced with another Berkeley.

ERRATA

In the January issue we presented an interview with Senator Frank Church on Vietnam. Inexplicably, the manuscript, as finally edited by the Senator's office, replaced the word *Burma* with *Malaya*. These two errors appear on pages 20 and 21 of that issue. The use of the word Malaya was unfortunate in view of the fact that Malaya is one of the most democratic countries in all of Southeast Asia. At no time did Senator Church mean to use the word *Malaya* instead of *Burma*. Somewhere between the intent and the editorial office of Ramparts *Malaya* was inadvertently substituted.

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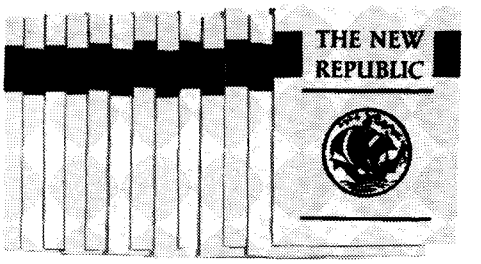

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CINEMA:
The Loved One Revisited

By Stanley Eichelbaum

A slate-gray drizzle fell in chilled droplets over the honky-tonk grime of Main Street in downtown Los Angeles. I stopped momentarily for shelter under the peeling marquee of an all-night movie house next door to a run-down saloon that had become a singular focus of attention on that rainy morning last November. A motion-picture crew from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had taken over the barroom for a day of shooting on "The Loved One," which Tony Richardson, the English creative genius of "Tom Jones," was directing under a curious shroud of secrecy.

I call it "curious," because the movie is no less a product of Hollywood than any other made there—a $2,500,000 project of Martin Ransohoff's Filmways, Inc., to be released some time in March by MGM. And the studio had to honor, though reluctantly, an unbudging demand from Richardson that no journalist be permitted near him during a shooting period that stretched from late July into early December.

My own interest was aroused by wild rumors about Richardson's movie, most of them concerning the extent of the satire in the film, which was tantalizingly reported to be even more outrageous, macabre and inclusive than it was in Evelyn Waugh's already-fiendish 1948 novel about the mortuary business, in southern California. As I was soon to discover, nothing I heard was off base. For the screenplay by Terry Southern and Christopher Isherwood not only accelerated the devastating tempo of Waugh's original, but it had branched out considerably into a merciless caricature of the Hollywood way of life and death, in nearly all its eccentric and charlatan aspects. MGM's legal department foresaw the worst. And even Waugh had protested heatedly, when he read the script.

. . . even Waugh protested heatedly . . .

So on that wet November morning, I was eager to see what I could at Richardson's downtown location site, the bar in which Aimee Thanatogenos, a mortuary cosmetician, confronts the Guru Brahmin, a lovelorn columnist she tracks down, after an extensive correspondence, only to learn that he is an old drunk, just fired by his newspaper for incompetence.

Since I had no means of visiting the set, except by a calculated intrusion, I was in the company of Rouben Ter-Arutunian, the Broadway scenic designer, who was serving as the movie's artistic director. Though I had been officially invited to Los Angeles by Barney Rosenzweig of the MGM publicity department, he had informed me on my arrival, with some embarrassment, that Richardson had clamped down on all press coverage, loudly protesting several magazine spreads that had lately appeared, most of them resulting from interviews with Terry Southern. "Why, Tony even sent me a bouquet of flowers yesterday," Rosenzweig added, to my amazement. "The card, if you will believe it, read, 'Sorry for making your life so miserable'."

"'why, Tony even sent me a bouquet of flowers . . ."

Ter-Arutunian, however, nervously agreed to let me look in on the filming, because we were old friends, but only if I did so as a silent spy. He is a swarthy, genial, heavy-lidded Armenian of 44, well-known for his stage and opera designs, though never involved with a movie before this one. Having built his reputation on the vivid inventiveness of his stagecraft and having worked with Richardson last season on the Broadway productions of "Arturo Ui" and "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore," Ter-Arutunian was brought to Hollywood.

Strangely enough, the British director has always insisted on filming entirely in the field, away from the constriction of studio sound stages. But he knew he had 21 settings to find or somehow create, including Whispering Glades Memorial Park, the mortuary establishment of Waugh's novel. And Ter-Arutunian was given this responsibility, among others.

The designer led me toward the run-down bar. It was called the Waldorf, or the Club Panama, depending on which of two dirt-caked window signs one was to believe. He remarked that its reputation was rather notorious—one of the more sinister saloons in the business slums of central Los Angeles, discovered by Richardson and him during an extended search for the different location sites, before filming started.

The entrance was barred by two policemen, assigned to protect Richardson's privacy. A number of movie technicians bustled in and out with lighting equipment and power cables which were stored in three immense MGM trailer trucks parked in a nearby lot.

Eichelbaum

Once inside, I could not quite believe my eyes. Though it was not yet noon, an astonishing crowd of after-dark backwash was assembled—derelicts of all sizes and shapes, from haggard tarts to epicene leather boys, plus a generous smattering of hoboes in the final shabby

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stages of alcoholism. So they all looked, as they sat or loitered about, chattering in quiet anticipation and scarcely cheered by the warmth of several banks of klieg lights.

And while Ter-Arutunian was explaining that half of them were movie extras and the rest, authentic neighborhood characters hired for the day, Richardson walked briskly toward us. Ter-Arutunian risked introducing me, mumbling my name, and the director smiled faintly. But then, looked sternly past me, at Ter-Arutunian, and said: "I'm cross. I'm very cross. You should have been here this morning. The extras' clothes aren't right. And we had to take down those damn crepe-paper Halloween decorations. You really should have been here."

"...we had to take down those damn crepe-paper Halloween decorations..."

Ter-Arutunian appeared unperturbed as he muttered a tranquilizing explanation to Richardson, a gaunt, tall, fair-haired man in his early 30's, dressed that morning in a tan sweater, khaki trousers and a policeman's cap, obviously borrowed from an officer on duty.

The director fled, as quickly as he had appeared. I heard him call for silence and his cinematographer, Haskell Wexler, moved slowly toward a long row of bar stools, scanning the scene with a hand-held camera. In the meantime, Ter-Arutunian and I crouched behind a jukebox. But I could see Lionel Stander, the Guru Brahmin, and Anjanette Comer, a pale, dark-haired girl with huge green eyes, who was Aimee the mortuary cosmetician.

When the silence order was rescinded, I apologized to Ter-Arutunian for his scolding from Richardson, since the designer had actually spent a good part of the morning with me in a tour of the film's principal settings, including Whispering Glades, which he had created on the old Doheny estate in Beverly Hills.

"Tony is an extraordinary man," Ter-Arutunian said. "He's marvelous to work with. I don't know anyone with his imagination and inquisitiveness, his spontaneous and infallible judgment. In a sense, that's why this picture has taken so long. The Hollywood crews aren't geared for his impromptu style. Every improvisation throws them. And it takes that much longer to set up a scene.

"It hasn't been as challenging for me as a Broadway show, because it's all been on location. There hasn't been a great deal to do. Yet I've been here since June. And the time drags on and on. Frankly, I'd like to get it over with, so I can go back to New York."

I asked Ter-Arutunian why Richardson was so inordinately sensitive about the press.

"That's quite simple," he replied. "This isn't an ordinary film. As a matter of fact, it's going to be rather mad, not like anything Hollywood has ever seen before. And its humor isn't the kind that can be given away in magazine and newspaper columns. Tony feels he was able to make a success of 'Tom Jones' without advance publicity. And he thinks it's more important to keep the press away from 'The Loved One'."

...script's choicest nuggets...

The reasoning seemed logical enough. Southern had already widely circulated some of the script's choicest nuggets, like a space burial—a plan to rid the earth of human remains by orbiting corpses into the atmosphere in rockets, to restore the real estate value of Whispering Glades. The scheme of "Resurrection Now" is concocted in the film by The Blessed Reverend, owner of Whispering Glades, played by Jonathan Winters, whose problem of "how to get those stiffs off my property" is of no small importance to the movie.

Ter-Arutunian had already taken me to the rocket-launching site, on a barren hilltop above Hollywood, where a complex rocket tower and control booth was constructed for the first space interment, a dead astronaut, of course, whose orbit receives full approval from the Air Force, through General Buck Brinkman, played by Dana Andrews.

In this extra-diabolical piece of farce, the hand of Terry Southern is easily distinguished. Having already skinned the most sacred of sacred cows in his screenplay for "Dr. Strangelove," he was called in for "The Loved One," along with Isherwood, after six scriptwriters had given up, Luis Bunuel and Elaine May among them. The project had floated around Hollywood for more than a decade, when the success of "Dr. Strangelove," with its black humor, made a film of Waugh's novel feasible. And the popularity of Jessica Mitford's book, "The American Way of Death," about quackery in the cemetery business, was another coercing factor for producer Ransohoff and director Richardson.

...the wildest most satanic fantasy...

What was described by Waugh in his preface as "a little nightmare produced by the unaccustomed high living of a brief visit to Hollywood" had apparently grown into the wildest, most satanic fantasy, with a cast of stars even Bible epics cannot muster. Yet "The Loved One" was pristinely and inexpensively filmed in black and white. And Richardson prevailed upon John Gielgud and Robert Morley to come to California for small roles as two members of Hollywood's British colony. Ruth Gordon, Margaret Leighton and Milton Berle play three

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It's a shame more women don't take up writing

America's most popular woman novelist offers some encouraging advice to women who want to get more out of life

By Faith Baldwin

Faith Baldwin. She raised four children – yet managed to write more than 70 books, including many best-sellers

I think it's very unfortunate that many women with real writing talent bury it under a mountain of dishes.

Actually, writing is an ideal profession for women. You don't have to go to an office, you don't have to be away with half your mind on your household . . . wondering, if it rains, did you close the windows? And for the woman who is tied down to her home, writing is a wonderful emotional release, to say nothing of the extra income it can bring.

There are many things *only* a woman can write about from firsthand experience. That's why – unlike many other fields – the welcome mat is really out for women in writing. Take the best-seller, *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*. No man could have written that book!

Don't say, I "don't have time"

Saying you "could write" if you "had time" is no excuse. The fact is I've had a house to run most of my life. And, what with unexpected illnesses, I think I've spent more time in hospital waiting rooms than almost anyone.

Even without the responsibilities of a home, starting my career wouldn't have been easy. It's hard to learn to write when you're working all alone.

I've often wished that when I was in my twenties I had known a professional writer who would have been honest with me. As it was, I learned by rejections and rewriting – by trial and error.

Years later, I began to wonder if there wasn't an easier way. Wouldn't new writers have a better chance of making good faster, if they could get training in their own homes from successful writers?

A new kind of writing school

A few years ago such an opportunity became available for the first time, when I joined with eleven other authors to start the Famous Writers School. They included Bennett Cerf, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff, Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith and Rod Serling.

Our aim was to help qualified men and women develop their skill and craftsmanship . . . and to pass on to them our own secrets of achieving commercial success and recognition.

We poured everything we know about writing into a set of textbooks and writing assignments. Then we worked out a system for giving every student, through home-study, the many hours of individual guidance a developing writer needs.

You are a class of one

Every one of our instructors is a working professional writer who has himself met and solved the problem of writing for publication many times.

When you return an assignment, one of these writer-instructors spends up to two hours analyzing your work. He blue-pencils corrections right on your manuscript, just as my editors do. Then he sends it back to you with a long letter of specific recommendations on how to improve your writing.

The assignments are simple at the start and gradually become more challenging. You learn step-by-step.

Four courses to choose from

After you get the basic principles, you move on to specialized training in the field of your choice: Fiction, Non-Fiction, Advertising or Business Writing.

Because we twelve who started the School have very definite ideas about the teaching of writing, we regularly visit the School and work with the instructors. We even publish the *Famous Writers Magazine*, as a showcase for student writing.

Our School is young. Yet students have already sold their work to more than 60 different publications including *Reader's Digest*, *True*, *Redbook*, *Better Homes & Gardens* and *Parents' Magazine*. A number of students sold pieces they wrote as School assignments.

Have you the urge to write? If so, get busy! It's a wonderful feeling to see your name in print. And that first check, no matter how big, is a tremendous thrill.

But the greatest reward of writing professionally is something much less tangible . . . the feeling of communicating with your readers. If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment that no other work can bring you.

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Faith Baldwin and the other Famous Writers have designed a revealing Aptitude Test. The coupon will bring you a copy, plus a 48-page brochure about the School.

When you return the Test, it will be graded without charge by a member of the instructional staff. If you do well on the Test – or offer other evidence of writing aptitude – you may enroll for professional training by the School. You are, however, under absolutely no obligation to do so.

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Dept. 6655 Westport, Connecticut

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bereaved pet owners who negotiate burials of their furry loved ones at the Happier Hunting Ground, an animal cemetery which employs Robert Morse, the two-timing poet loved by Aimee, the Whispering Glades cosmetician. Also among the personnel of Whispering Glades are Rod Steiger, as JoyBoy, the chief embalmer; Liberace, as a casket salesman; and Tab Hunter, as a tour guide. Roddy McDowall plays D. J., Jr., a studio executive.

. . . an outlandish story . . .

While Ter-Arutunian was driving me to the Doheny mansion earlier that morning, I asked him whether I could believe an outlandish story told to me the night before at a party in Hollywood. The film, my informant said, will open with a scene in the commissary of a movie studio. Several actors, costumed for a picture about the New Testament, are conversing over lunch. And Christ is also there, an actor so unmistakably effeminate and limp-wristed that the camera pauses only for an instant, but long enough to pick up some exceptional, high-pitched and cranky screeches.

Ter-Arutunian hardly blinked. And without issuing a denial, he commented: "Well, you know how these things go. A lot that was filmed may not even be used, after Tony finishes editing."

Tony Richardson and Rouben Ter-Arutunian

We then arrived at the gates of the Doheny mansion, otherwise known as Greystone, a name that aptly describes its colossal and massive facade of mixed architectural styles. Erected back in the pre-income tax days of the mid 1920s, the estate was built for oil magnate Edward L. Doheny. It has been vacant for a decade, having witnessed a violent murder, when E. L. Doheny, Jr., was shot and killed there by a deranged servant. Only 19 of its original 425 acres now remain, for the park of a projected art museum, which the city of Beverly Hills intends to open in the mansion, which looks very much like a setting for "Wuthering Heights." Richardson and Ter-Arutunian found it ideal for Whispering Glades and so the estate was leased to the "Loved One" company, with a stipulation that it be restored to the exact stripped-and-unfurnished state in which it was found.

The park was therefore cleared of weeds and landscaped. And the grounds and house were completely transformed by Ter-Arutunian, with such wit, impudence and ingenuity that his claim of inactivity and a lack of challenge simply didn't hold water.

". . . a flabbergasting display of statuary . . ."

Dotting the park was a flabbergasting display of statuary—nymphs, satyrs, gladiators, Dianas at the hunt, Graeco-Roman tyrants, busty Aphrodites and, as the piece de resistance, a 20-foot-tall white sculpture of Jonathan Winters as The Blessed Reverend, his hands outstretched in pious welcome. There were brass memorial plaques over non-existent graves. And in a courtyard of the mansion, an entire wall had been tidily arranged with similar plaques, the inscriptions on which, according to Ter-Arutunian, bore the names of various members of the MGM studio staff, especially those in the legal department.

It was no surprise when Ter-Arutunian admitted spending weeks at Forest Lawn and other Los Angeles cemeteries, for research and inspiration, often pretending to be a prospective customer, lest he arouse too much suspicion. No local mortuary or burial establishment would cooperate with the movie-makers, except for an animal cemetery called Pet Haven, which was used for the Happier Hunting Ground sequences.

Greystone itself underwent a thorough interior metamorphosis. And if Waugh's novelistic concept of Whispering Glades was utter lunacy, then Ter-Arutunian's fertile imagination went several bizarre, whimsical or flamboyant levels beyond the book. In room after room, he had created an almost indescribable rococo paradise for the advancement of necrophilia.

. . . rococo paradise for the advancement of necrophilia . . .

There were enormous murals of romp-

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ing nudes in an ornately-woodworked Great Hall. There was a pseudo-baroque Poet's Corner, for honored exhibition of corpses by those who really care. Assorted slumber rooms of lesser proportions each had its distinctive period style—Gothic, Victorian or Empire—each more mischievously overdone than the last, with heavy mirrors, wall panelling, sconces, giddy chandeliers and garish chaise longues. The mansion's large kitchens were clinically refurbished as embalming rooms.

The most startling, however, was a casket room, with each grim box primly outfitted with a floor-length skirt of flowered chintz. "This was for the orgy," Ter-Arutunian explained, matter-of-factly.

"An orgy in a ket room?"

"An orgy in a casket room?" I said, with shocked disbelief.

And with a fixed smirk, the designer of Whispering Glades replied in carefully-chosen words, that it was the scene of a wild rowdy frolic between some visiting Air Force officers and several playful mortuary hostesses.

I had no reason to doubt his word. And as I left Whispering Glades for the comforting reality of the Sunset Strip, just below it, I wondered how Tony Richardson and his accomplices were going to get away with it all.

LETTERS: New Orleans Stew

Sirs:

Congratulations again! I have just finished reading Beecher's article, "Magnolia Ghetto," and I must say that, as far as I have been able to observe, it paints a vivid picture of the sad situation in our fair archdiocease. Since I am not yet a cleric, I would imagine that I am still free to think about things that concern real people, for example, the race problem. Anyway, what I really want to say is that your publication is a source of light for those of us who are not exactly edified by the status quo. Keep up the fine work.

A Concerned Seminarian
St. Joseph Seminary
St. Benedict, La.

Sirs:

John Beecher alleges in his article, "Magnolia Ghetto" (RAMPARTS, December 1964) that Father Joseph Fichter, S.J., Professor of Sociology at Loyola University of the South, has been "exiled," from New Orleans four different times, presumably because of his leadership in the field of civil rights. This is news to me. It is my impression that Father Fichter's teaching and research assignments in Chicago, Germany, Peru, and at the University of Notre Dame—which Mr. Beecher describes as "cooling-off periods"—were very much to his own liking and were made in recognition of his acknowledged academic competence. Ditto for his forthcoming three-year assignment to the Chair of Catholic studies at Harvard University. If Mr. Beecher wants to settle this issue once and for all, he can check it out with Father Fichter. I suspect he will find that the latter's Superiors deserve to be congratulated very sincerely for their self-sacrificing willingness to permit him to accept so many attractive assignments to other universities and research centers.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. George G. Higgins
Director
Nat'l Catholic Welfare Conference
Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

As an ex-college student (I hope to return this coming semester) and a very "depressed" anti-clerical Catholic (I am a Zen Buddhist in fact, for now), I am happy to see your courage and honesty. It is my hope that you gentlemen would be sympathetic to my letter. It is of the very serious, sad business of Catholic school education in New Orleans, as it was, at any rate, in 1956 at CorJesu High School.

For example: A Dominican preached a retreat for us. The text was straight from Westbrook Pegler: Roosevelt was "foolish," Harry White "a Communist," and General Chiang KaiShek "...a hero." He's better than Mao Tse Tung but he is not a hero. About our brothers: Brother Roger told more timid students that they "talked very much like women." This was the signal for a "persecution" of these boys as "fairies," and there was actually a "stoning,"—yes, in the schoolyard. The brothers viewed it as the mad painter Yoshilide viewed misery—with a passive relish. General Batista of Cuba, a terrible killer, was given a great greeting in New Orleans by the Catholic clergy in 1959. He gave the Cathedral here a window and he was said to be a "good statesman."

Frederick Walsh Ello, Jr.
New Orleans, La.

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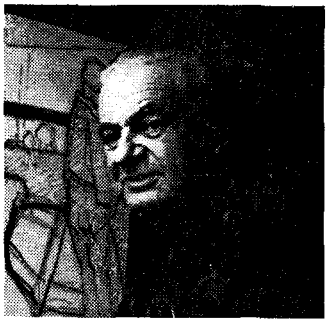

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Here's how—and why—you can do all this. Everybody knows the unfortunate story of so many of the world's great artists who lived in poverty while turning out masterpieces. After they died the world recognized their genius and the prices of their paintings soared in value. Today their collective works are worth millions of dollars, and the regrettable fact is that the price willingly paid today for any single painting could have provided each artist with enough money to live on for his entire lifetime.

Van Gogh is probably the most widely known victim of this situation. The celebrated American painter, John Sloan, once offered at the peak of his creative career to trade all his paintings for a steady $100 each week—with no takers. The lengthy history of great art is filled with similar victims.

No single organization, no matter how well-intentioned, can of course change this. Art of All Nations, Inc. was formed primarily to bring the best art by the best living artists in each country into more homes, and aid as a result the artists.

In this undertaking art experts of many nations have volunteered their services. They include Mr. Jean-Hubert Delamarre, lecturer at the Louvre museum in Paris; Mr. Pierre Guastalla, president of La Jeune Gravure Contemporaine in Paris; and art gallery experts from Paris to Tel-Aviv. They are helping to select the art and the artists. Naturally the artists have joined this undertaking wholeheartedly, and have agreed to create works exclusively for Art of All Nations, Inc. at low prices.

You are now invited to participate in this cultural experiment for one year for only one dollar. No obligations. You will receive for your dollar all the following benefits: you will automatically participate in the drawing for an original etching by Renoir and by other established masters. You will receive periodically for one year catalogs which will illustrate the best art by the upcoming masters, and contain background information about the artists and art trends in many countries. You will be entitled to buy signed, numbered, original lithographs in several colors, engravings and other works of art by these upcoming masters at a price comparable to a pair of theater or concert tickets. Similar works are being sold today in the U.S. at prices 50% to 75% higher. It is likely that the works you buy will double, treble, and more in value over the years. You will be welcome in the artists' studios when next you travel abroad.

Fill out the coupon now. Add the names of any of your friends who might be interested in joining you in this unique cultural experiment, and enclose one dollar for each name. They will be notified that you sponsored them. If you wish to be eligible only for the drawing and not for any of the other benefits, send in the coupon without the dollar.

You are invited to embark on a cultural adventure for the next twelve months. Mail the coupon today. Your first catalog containing the works of artists from France, Japan, Hungary, Germany, Spain, Bulgaria, Israel, Lebanon, will be mailed to you.

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Sirs:

I read in my diocesan newspaper where you printed a lot of lies about our glorious New Orleans by one of your paid hacks and anti-Catholic hatchet-men.

You should be ashamed.

Beatrix Blancmange
Baton Rouge, La.

The author responds

JOHN BEECHER

Sirs:

We are familiar with the paranoid response of official Mississippi to candid revelation of the totalitarian conditions prevailing in that tortured state. Citizens can be beaten, bombed, murdered for seeking to exercise their constitutional rights and white Mississippi screams "biased reports, slanted stories, outright lies" when the outrages are revealed. This persecutory mania, it appears, also afflicts the Catholic hierarchy of New Orleans. In this instance the pathology of traditional southern defensiveness was exacerbated by the equally morbid syndrome of traditional American Catholic defensiveness. The product was a vituperative two-column editorial captioned "Ramparts Does a Job on Orleans Prelates" in the November 12 issue of the Clarion-Herald, referring to my article, "Magnolia Ghetto," on the Church and the Negro in New Orleans, appearing in the December issue of Ramparts.

As a young local Catholic, scion of one of the oldest Creole families, told me yesterday, "You don't need to rebut the Clarion-Herald. All anybody has to do is to read the editorial and then read your article to find out that the Clarion-Herald is lying." The editorial is a classic example of the evils of captive journalism, whether Catholic or Communist. To undertake to refute it would be as futile as trying to refute an illogical tirade in Pravda or American Opinion. A couple of examples will suffice to reveal the sleazy stuff of which the editorial was composed.

The Clarion-Herald challenged me on a statement that Hotel Dieu, a New Orleans Catholic hospital, admits nuns of the all-black Holy Family congregation as patients on a quota basis. A competent authority assures me that such a quota exists. But my statement was only an addendum to a far graver charge that Catholic hospitals in New Orleans admit no Negro patients at all, save for these few nuns. In common with the other hospitals of the area except for one small Jim Crow establishment, the Catholic hospitals exclude Negro doctors as well. The dishonest debater's trick of rebutting a small segment of a charge while letting the main contention pass in silence is enough in itself to unmask the Clarion-Herald's disingenuous attack on my article.

A great commotion is made in the editorial over my statement that there were 1,100 priests in the archdiocese when the correct current number is 504. I was evidently given a figure which included religious as well as priests. But my point (evasively passed over by the Clarion-Herald) was that in a large body of priests —whether 1,100 or 504 is immaterial— there are only two Negroes, neither of whom is assigned to pastoral duties although there are 13 all-black parishes in an archdiocese containing the largest number of Negro Catholics in all America.

In his haste to convict me of "gross errors," the Clarion-Herald editor flagrantly misrepresented what I had written, confusing persons and events which I had plainly specified with others.

It is inconceivable that a clerical scholar in the social field could properly perform his functions in the Archdiocese of New Orleans under the restrictions currently in force. Freedom of inquiry and the uninhibited publication of research findings have been interdicted by Archbishop Cody in a directive which I personally examined, transcribed and quoted in my article. No priest in the archdiocese dares even to duplicate and smuggle out this stifling directive, so total is the terror.

A distinguished white Catholic layman summed up the conditions in New Orleans that were reported in my article: "We're living in an Alice in Wonderland here in New Orleans. We say one thing but do the opposite. We state a noble proposition like 'Segregation is a moral and social evil contrary to the law of Christ.' We don't have to implement it. In fact we'd better not if the Archbishop is watching."

John Beecher
New Orleans.

Mississippi Eyewitness

Sirs:

It's 3 o'clock in the morning and I have just finished reading your "Mississippi Eyewitness" issue. There are no words . . .

Thomas Sturak
Dept. of English
University of California
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Congratulations on your splendid "Mississippi Eyewitness" Special Issue! It is truly remarkable. Yours is a magazine which has been consistently on the side of truth and justice, and you deserve great praise .

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Every article is superb, but the articles by Louis Lomax and David Welsh were especially powerful. You have done us all a great public service in issuing this wonderful Special Issue.

I also want to congratulate you on the magnificent photography. The portraits, especially the one of James Chaney's mother, are the best I have ever seen anywhere.

I only wish that more magazines had the guts that Ramparts possesses. The only ones to touch you in this regard are Newsweek and Look, and even those estimable magazines are not in your league. I admire people who are not afraid to speak out strongly and unequivocally against injustice.

Keep up the good work. This country needs RAMPARTS.

(Mrs.) Bette L. Stern
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

St. Paul had a nasty habit of hitting the the nail on the head. Please continue your publication in the spirit of St. Paul, that is, "fiercely independent."

Eugene R. Morrissey
Lyons, Ill.

"So impressed . . ."

Sirs:

I have received the October and November issues of the magazine and must tell you that I have never been so impressed with a magazine. Many things come across our desk, but RAMPARTS is unique. Its style is one of beauty. The content of each issue is exciting and stimulating. Its courage is enviable. I am looking forward to each issue with a great deal of anticipation. I think you are to be congratulated for making a most worthwhile contribution to American religious society today.

Best wishes for continued success . . . and keep up the excellent work.

Rabbi Hillel Cohn
San Bernardino, Calif.

P.S. I hope that every Rabbi avails himself of the opportunity of reading Ramparts regularly.

Sirs:

I bought a copy of your magazine today, having heard of it the first time last night from a television discussion in which Mr. Lomax and Mr. Keating took part. What a delight to discover a Christian magazine, edited by laymen, and concerned about the REAL things that build up and tear down the world we all live in: I had thought only Dutch and French Roman Catholics had convictions and interests like these! And yet your magazine seems to have been going for some time. Such are the ecclesiastical and spiritual ghettos in which we can live, that fine things being done by people in "another" church remain unknown until the "secular" medium of television makes us aware of their existence. Having once heard Bishop Molina of the Spanish Reformed Episcopal Church speak of the monstrous obstacles the Spanish government put in the way of his church and its work I very much appreciate your editorial on Spain in the December issue.

Charles W. Tait
Assistant Minister
St. Andrew's Episcopal Church
Wellesley, Massachusetts

The Committee

Sirs:

Wait a minute, there. I've been reading Ramparts with increasing respect, because I never thought anything intelligent could ever come out of both Menlo Park and the Catholic Church. But you have a nerve, running that piece about The Committee by Donovan Bess. "Back in the suburbs, it is a badge of tolerance to say you have seen the Committee." Indeed! It's a badge of tolerance to SEE the Committee, if you ask me.

Why is it always the "middle-aged couples" and the suburban squares who aren't supposed to catch on to what's happening? I'm happy and willing to grant the "restless young marrieds" and that gang the right to thrash about and correct evil and bitch about the past. But when they start making fun of me and my generation just for hanging around and keeping an eye on things, I draw the line.

After all, I was a student once: I was sore about matters, too. It's taken me about fifteen years to smarten up, and that's how long it's going to take Donovan Bess and his Committee and their fans. The Committee just isn't funny, that's all, and it may hurt them to find out, but they are behind the times; Eisenhower, Hoover, Luce, etc! Is that what they are really thinking about when they read those newspapers left around in the dressing rooms? Good grief! Is that capital punishment skit supposed to be GOOD? I could do a better one in the next ten minutes if I had to. Stamp out peace? Telephone recording gag? Book shelf burning? Even Bess says it's "not very funny." I'm a middle-aged couple, but I don't have to take this guff that the youngsters, at their embryonic stages, have been able to come up with. Their stuff is okay, but it's a far cry from good.

The fact is, they're all laughing at each other's material. By the time they grow up to find out what the score is, they'll be middle-aged couples, too. Right now, they're second rate.

Jerome Beatty, Jr.
Rowayton, Conn.

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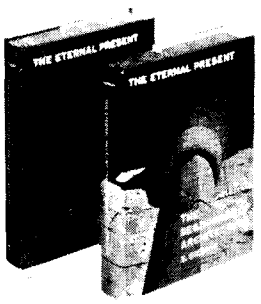

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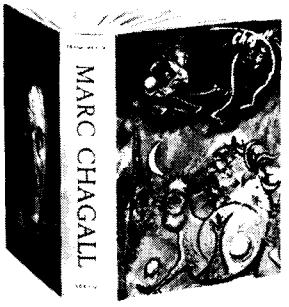

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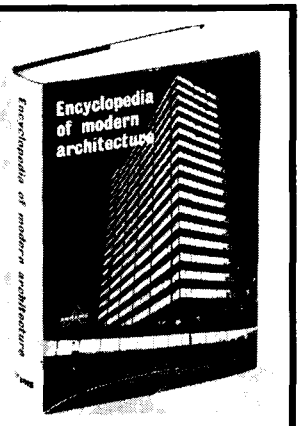

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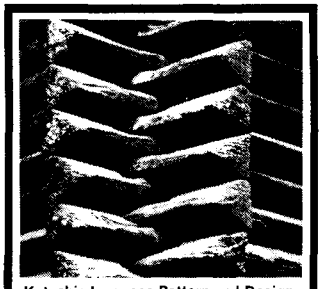

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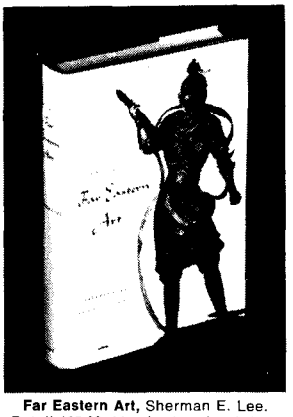

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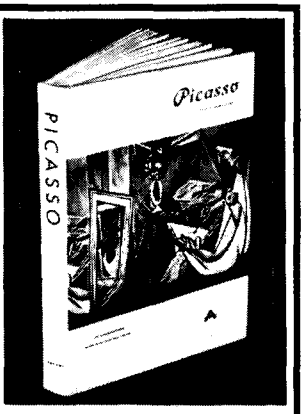

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THE VICTORIAN TRAMP

by Peter Steffens

WHEN CHARLIE CHAPLIN, now 75, talks thoughtfully about himself, the part of him that became famous, he sometimes uses the phrase, "I'm just a clown."

We visited him—my parents and my wife, Ella, and I with our baby daughter—at his villa in Switzerland for three days in September of 1964. I had never met him before, and came away stimulated, fascinated, baffled. And it wasn't until the student protest movement at the Berkeley campus of the University of California reached its climax in December—as incongruous as that might seem—that many of the elements that had puzzled me about Chaplin suddenly fell into place.

When 800 students marched into the Administration Building on December 2, they had prepared to spend several hours in the halls, and came equipped: warm clothes for the night, books for studying, guitars for music, and four films, including a fine old comedy with a skating waiter: Charlie Chaplin.

When I first heard this, I chuckled, as I suppose most people did at the apparent ridiculousness of it, and dismissed it. The students, many of whom I knew to be the most serious about ideas, and about their education, had also prepared to hear lectures on the Constitution—and civil rights. They could not hope to win on the level of force; but they could defy "authority," and even ridicule aspects of administered education, by substituting lectures of their own. It struck me as amusing, but nothing important. At first.

Their choice of a Chaplin film came back, however, with a force that jarred me, when I sat down to write this account of our visit, and to try to set down what kind of a person Chaplin is, and what kind of an experience meeting him was. The students' action reminded me of something this great comedy film-maker had said in his autobiography: "In the creation of comedy, it is paradoxical that tragedy stimulates the spirit of ridicule; because ridicule, I suppose, is an attitude of defiance. . . ."

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MY MOTHER AND STEP-FATHER, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart, are old friends of Charlie and Oona Chaplin, and arranged for us to join them for this visit on our way home from the summer in Israel, where I had gone to complete research for a book. As we flew nearer, and as my anticipation grew, I recalled what little I'd recently heard of him: that he was worth almost eighty million dollars ($80,000,000), that he fiercely guarded his privacy, that he was quick-tempered, and all in all, rather aloof. But this was all superimposed on my deeper impression, gained solely from the Little Tramp, of an impoverished, but sensitive, kind and rather delicate creature, with great compassion.

Our first contact with the Chaplin ménage, at the Geneva airport, was with the immaculate, sleek, black Bentley, sent to convey us to the villa. It was chauffeured by a handsome Italian who greeted us and busied himself lifting our beaten baggage into the car. Then we stepped into the deep comfort of the grey-seated limousine, and sped off along the lakeside expressway to the south end of Lake Geneva, to the village of Vevey, near Lausanne, to the Chaplins.

I couldn't help thinking, "So the Little Tramp made good," and wondering about Chaplin's attitude to his wealth. I didn't know, I couldn't know that due to a lucky combination of circumstances, he was going to talk extremely openly about himself in an overwhelming two-hour talk on our last evening.

As we approached the Chaplin estate, called Manoir de Bains, just outside Vevey, the first bit of a grey stone wall marking the beginning of his property was pointed out. It ran up the hill alongside the car quite some distance before we pulled in through a gateway, and careened gently around an oval gravel driveway, easing to a stop before a looming white mansion. It was an imposing sight, a bit forbidding. As we unlodged ourselves, figures emerged from the front portal to take charge of our luggage, and we walked into the front hallway. The sun had just gone down, and the short hallway was dark, with a wide, winding stairway on the right side. No one had yet greeted us "officially." But piano music came rippling about our heads from somewhere deeper in the house, and I tried to tell whether it was from a record or from the radio.

As we ventured to penetrate further, the rich chordwork and running arpeggios abruptly stopped, and just as I reached the half-open doubledoor of a long, large drawing room, the piano player was coming toward us. It was Charlie Chaplin.

He looked marvelous. Vigorous, groomed, genial, in a beautiful, dark-blue, satiny housejacket, his skin freckled and youthful, his step bouncy, he came striding towards us smiling broadly, his blue eyes large and free, phrases of welcome bubbling around his grin. He gave me an immediate sense of strength, I would even say, of *massiveness*, that startled me. In contrast, his hands, outstretched in greeting, were small, his fingers very sensitive. But the impression of power was unexpected.

I had had one such surprise before, I remembered later, pondering over my astonishment, and this was upon first seeing the Parthenon. I had had the feeling, having seen it only in photographs, most of them on postcards, that its beauty was of a delicate, effeminate, fragile kind, that depended on the right light, the right weather, and on the viewer being in the right mood. Instead, its positioned, tough, virile splendor was stunning; it was huge, solid, packed with authority and a self-contained beauty that did not need anything outside of it. In some similar way, Chaplin surprised me by the solidity of his body, of his skull, I suppose in contrast to the image I had had of his Little Tramp, a slender, vulnerable-to-brute-force character. By his look, carriage and gait he seemed, in contrast, to be a man of great, even assertive strength.

However, we had only a very brief first exchange. We went to our rooms to unpack and change.

My wife took our 18-month-old daughter, Daneet, up to see the other children – Janie, Annette and Christopher, the youngest, aged two. They have the run of the third floor, a top-floor kingdom all their own, and Ella said that Daneet was wide-eyed at all the shouting, running and dancing and playing, and had a great time. This little episode – plus the fact that three others, Eugene, Victoria, 13, and Josephine, 15, had just returned from their vacations the day before – gave us the feeling of a house full of children, full of life and humanity, and a wholly different and warmer impression began to displace the rather imposing one I had had on first arriving.

At dinner, Chaplin was dressed informally in a sweater, ascot and tweed jacket, Oona in slacks and sox and black cashmere sweater. When they learned that Ella was from Israel, Chaplin got excited: he said it must be a wonderful place, where "everything is new and everyone works together, building and growing..." He said he hoped to go there one day, at which Ella warned him that he'd be mobbed.

"Really? Ree-ally?" he said. And when he heard that there was this summer's Chaplin film festival, he was clearly delighted. It is hard to convey how astonished we were to see how this 75-year-old genius could be almost childishly thrilled at the news of his continuing popularity. But the genuine pleasure he showed, in a strange way its very *innocence*, was disarming, refreshing. My curiosity about him was even more piqued.

That evening, before retiring, he showed us his collection of Meissen and Chelsea and Dresden china, and some ivory figurines in a wall cabinet which he had himself designed.

Before going to sleep, I began reading a paperbound advance copy of his *Autobiography*, due to be pub-

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lished a few weeks hence, and that reading transformed the visit. The impact that Chaplin had on me merged with his story, and each threw light on the other at the very moment that I was trying to sort out my first impressions, as they were being formed. I had heard that this man had come from humble origins, but even so, I was not prepared for the picture he gives – and understates, if anything – of a youth of destitution straight out of Dickens. While still a boy of 5 or 6, society rubbed his nose in his helplessness.

Once, later in the visit, Chaplin summed up his feelings about Victorian England, the country and time of his birth, in one word: *cruel.* "Victorian England was a cruel place," he said. "It was a pitiless time." And again, speaking of his having arranged for the financial security of his children: "Thank GOD, they are all taken care of, and won't have to go through . . ." He thumped the arm of his chair and even now, at 75, and here, on this 37-acre estate, anger rose into his cheeks. What was he still getting even with?

WHEN HIS MOTHER lost her voice and got no more engagements as an actress, she took in sewing, but he remembers – he was six, and until then they had been moderately comfortable – that it wasn't enough to keep them from sinking, but they survived on parochial charity, soup tickets and relief parcels until they had no choice but to enter the Lambeth workhouse, where they were separated.

Chaplin is often accused of snobbism. We saw none of it, but if he is drawn to people of rank, by their rank, perhaps it is compensation for this period in his boyhood when they were in and out of the workhouse, where he was once whipped, though wrongly accused ("the pain was so excruciating that it took away my breath"), and had his head shaved against ringworm ("hair is vitally personal to children . . . I was thrown into paroxysms of weeping"). Perhaps the most searing experience of this time was when his mother went insane. She was somehow out, he still in the workhouse when he learned of it. He says only that he was overcome by a "baffling despair."

Chaplin conveys the stigma he felt, as a "nondescript of the slums," and underlines the depth of their destitution, by citing simply the absence of a home-cooked dinner on Sunday. "Even the poorest of children" sat down to a roast that night, he reports, a ritual that distinguished one poor class from the beggar-class, "and we were that. . . . The shame of it – especially on Sunday!" But they just couldn't afford it. On the other side of the same coin, something they could afford that Chaplin loved, was bread and dripping. This was fried bread sopped in beef juice: that was what impoverished English families ate when they couldn't buy anything else to eat. It was what was left from other foods: bread was used to sop up juice and melted fat from some meat that had been cooked and eaten, often long before. It was a staple of the poor. The night they returned from his father's funeral, this was all there was to eat – they even had to sell a little oil stove in order to buy bread.

His association with it is pleasant: "There were times when I would stay home, and Mother would make tea and fry bread in beef dripping, which I relished. . . ."

Shortly before his mother's relapse, we see her "bent over her sewing machine, her head haloed against the light of the oil-lamp, her face in soft shadows, her lips faintly parted with the strain as she guided the rapidly running seams through her machine. . . ." Then he comes home one day, now ten years old, and a girl at the gate tells him, "like a slap in the face," that his mother had gone insane. She had been giving away pieces of coal as birthday presents.

He ran upstairs, shouted "Mother!" and to her listless response, "What is it?" he fell on his knees by her, buried his face in her lap and wept, uncontrollably. He recalls that at that moment, it was she that comforted him, stroking his head, and saying, "There, there, what's wrong?"

After the doctor had committed her, Chaplin left her, numb with sadness, and for days avoided people "like a fugitive."

He had virtually no father, and it is enlightening to compare the qualities he attributes to his mother, and those associated with his comic film characters – small, dainty, sensitive, sweet, affectionate. And to note that she brought him an appreciation of the greatest themes of life – love, pity and humanity.

Reading these experiences of his boyhood late that night, gave me entirely new eyes.

WE AWOKE TO A COLD, clear sunny morning. From the large balcony outside our bedroom, we had a beautiful view of our surroundings: big space, a sweeping five-acre expanse of lawns, pillared here and there by towering trees, the view between them giving you the lake, and surging up behind it, huge mountains. The eye roves with pleasure over all of this, the soul breathes. And yet, with all its space and grandeur, the estate itself is not overly self-conscious, or rigid or even formal, as many large estates tend to be. On the contrary, it is both magnificent and inviting, a place to live, to play in, wander and chat in, to be used by the people who are there. Later in the morning, we took Daneet for a stroll, and she found some crab apples and ate one. And I made my own large circle around the grounds, past the modest swimming pool and play area, and the thick copse of birches growing out of both sides of a small ravine, a brook running through the bottom of it. The birches form a dense, lush wall along one whole side of the estate. Its

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great beauty, and privacy, and peace were disarming, in a way that a camera could not convey.

I was musing on the charges against Chaplin of exhibiting the snobbery of great wealth, by "hiding" in this place, when suddenly, there they were – Charlie and Oona were coming slowly back from the swimming pool toward the house, swathed in immense and dazzlingly white towel bathrobes. They were strolling calmly, chatting, across the strong, green lawns – a sight that held us glued to the window, staring and staring. It would be embarrassing, I thought, if they looked up and saw us watching them, but not embarrassing enough to keep us away from the window. And finally they did see us, and we waved and shouted some greetings down at them. What was it that was so riveting?

Perhaps the beauty of the sight: the white robes, and his white hair, disheveled like an athlete's after a game and a shower, against the green of the grass; the dignity of their pace, with the thought of the healthiness of an icy early morning dip and the clear sight of the beautiful love between Charlie and Oona, going together, like childhood chums, or like a young couple doing something daring and romantic together – unseen. And yet we were there to see it. I suppose that was what was embarrassing, the feeling of intruding on something intimate and delicate, and extremely private, something they had a perfect right to have to themselves. Yet they were at peace with the intrusion – they called back, and their joking through the air lent even more dignity to their united experience.

After breakfast, a stern silence was imposed on the household, while Charlie and Oona worked under the portico. The children were taken away by the two women who are in charge of them, down to the play area around the pool, or out walking, or kept upstairs. Nothing was allowed to disturb Chaplin while he did his morning work. He works in the afternoon as well, and there seemed to be an iron rule that guarded him in this. There was a note of command, and of something sacred: he was writing. After having spent the last seven years on his *Autobiography*, he is now creating both script and score for an opera, based on the Thomas Hardy novel, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. It is the story of a girl who becomes pregnant with an illegitimate child, and commits suicide rather than face the cruel hostility of Victorian society.

Lunch was served under the same portico where Charlie and Oona had worked all morning. As we sat around over coffee, and trying to keep the wasps off the dessert, Chaplin began to swap stories about world events and figures. He insisted he was not interested in politics, and said it with the vehemence of a man who has been hurt. He has been invited to both China and Cuba, but hasn't taken them up. However, he delighted in hearing stories about Castro's defiance of the U. S., as when he came to the U.N. and characterized the former laws governing trade between the U. S. and Cuba as similar to those that govern relations between the shark and the sardines. He enjoyed swapping concrete stories far more than theoretical discussion, and he seemed to open up when the stories regarded any sort of an underdog.

He told us an amazing anecdote about *The Great Dictator*. An agent who had remained in Nazi Germany right through 1940, working in the film division of the Ministry of Culture, then escaped and made his way eventually to Hollywood, met Chaplin there, and told him this story.

Nazi authorities ordered a copy of the print of *The Great Dictator*, and brought one in through Portugal, which was a free port during the War. Goebbels viewed it, and wrote with contempt that it was worthless, that Chaplin was a failure, that he had demonstrated with this performance that he was finished as an actor, and that it was not to be shown.

Hitler, however, ordered that it be projected one evening, in a private screening. He saw it, alone. The man who had escaped had not heard anything of what Hitler thought of it. As far as he knew, Hitler had not given his reaction to anyone. But the next night, the Fuehrer had it run again, and again he sat alone in the

Chaplin as he appears in "The Great Dictator," *1940.*

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projection room, and watched the film from beginning to end. Chaplin said, "I'd give anything to know what he thought of it," and he repeated, tantalized, smiling, "He saw it once, alone, and the next night saw it again – alone." He shook his head.

AFTER LUNCH, CHAPLIN went back to work, and the guests scattered. I read some more of his book, and took a swim. He had indicated that the last thing he would do would be to return to America, and I saw why in his story. His decision to stay abroad followed the denunciations and official rebuffs of the early Fifties. At a press conference, which he called to introduce his film, *Monsieur Verdoux*, the people there, including spokesmen for the Catholic War Veterans, did not want to hear about the film, but had only angry political questions, such as why hadn't he become an American citizen, or, was he a Communist. "After the interview I was inwardly sick at heart," he says, "for I knew that a virulent hostility was against me." As he left New York ("it gave me a peculiar feeling to see that vast continent disappearing into the mist"), he felt a changed man: his words are poignant, and revealing, and only Charles Chaplin could have written them.

"No longer was I a myth of the film world, or a target of acrimony, but a married man with a wife and family on a holiday. The children were on the top deck engrossed in play, while Oona and I sat in a couple of deckchairs. And in this mood I had a realization of perfect happiness – something very near to sadness."

The strict scheduling and order with which the days were run there and the solid security of his position, were in contrast with something that suddenly caught my attention in the book: Chaplin's apparent philosophy that man is the plaything of unseeing forces, and quite helpless. I felt more and more during the afternoon that there was some deeper sense of insecurity in him, that was revealed time and again in phrases such as:

"I believe that fortune and ill-fortune drift upon one haphazardly as clouds." "When the fates deal in human destiny, they heed neither pity nor justice." "Sometimes the gods of adversity tire of their sport and show mercy." And the one that reveals the most of his understanding of his own art: ". . . we must laugh in the face of our helplessness against the forces of nature – or go insane."

The most touching evidence of the depth of this belief in Chaplin appears in his last encounter with Marceline, the clown-artist whose fate so contrasts with his own. In 1918 or so, when he was nearly 30, Ringling Brothers' circus came to Los Angeles. He remembered how droll and charming Marceline's comedy was, and how London had gone "wild over him," and expected to see him featured. Instead:

Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush," *1925.*

> *I was shocked to find him just one of many clowns that ran around the enormous ring – a great artist lost in the vulgar extravagance of a three-ring circus.*

A year later Marceline shot himself to death in New York.

I also discovered that afternoon that I had been about the same age when I saw *Modern Times*, as he had been when the seed for it was planted! He was only 11 or 12 when he got a job working a Wharfdale printing machine – "an enormous thing, over twenty feet long. . . ." The film instantly came back to me as I read Chaplin's memory of that experience: "When the foreman brought me to it, it loomed up monstrously. To operate it, I had to stand upon a platform five feet high. . . . He showed me the lever, then put the beast at half-speed. It started to roll, grind and grunt; *I thought it was going to devour me* . . ." (italics mine).

That scene came back to me as I wrote this, because, to return to the Berkeley students and the sit-in demonstration cited at the start of this piece, the coinci-

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dence of language and imagery would be astounding if it were merely a coincidence. But in these words of Mario Savio, the student leader, addressed to some 3,000 students just before the 800 went into the Administration Building, is more than poetic truth:

There is a time when the operation of the machine becomes so odious, makes you so sick at heart that you can't take part; you can't even tacitly take part, and you've got to put your bodies upon the gears and upon the wheels, upon the levers, upon all the apparatus and you've got to make it stop. And you've got to indicate to the people who run it, to the people who own it, that unless you're free, the machines will be prevented from working at all.

Chaplin, in his film, spoke as an artist; 30 years later, Savio is speaking as a leader of hundreds of students. Their actions differed, but both were nourished by the same social and psychological soil. Both the film and the sit-in were acts of protest and defiance. I consider the affinity a tribute to the living validity of Chaplin's creative genius.

THAT EVENING, the dinner of soup, roast beef and popovers, three kinds of wine, and a sweet dessert went off swimmingly, and with very great humor. After we had left the table and gone into the drawing room for smokes and brandy, I asked Chaplin on the spur of the moment, while the conversation was still general banter, if working on the book had produced any surprises. I'd been wondering, since he began it—since it was, in a sense, his own search for Charlie Chaplin—whether he had discovered anything in those seven years that he hadn't expected to find? He gave me a long look, and decided to answer.

"Yes," he said, "I discovered . . ." The next couple of hours saw a kind of accelerating explosion of material gathered in this search, some now in the book, some not, as to who he was, where he came from, etc. He spoke rapidly, at times confusingly, but I had the distinct feeling that he had failed. He had NOT succeeded, to his satisfaction, in finding Charlie Chaplin.

"I went to Somerset House, you know, on the Thames," he said (Somerset House is the official registry of births, marriages and deaths in Great Britain, and has been since 1837) "and there is no Charles Chaplin." At the age of 68, this proud man had begun to work on his life story, and the first thing he found was that he did not officially exist!

"But," he said—I was looking at his luxurious, blood-red satin smoking jacket, felt the presence of the surrounding mansion, those majestic trees, and all his family, and noted his bitter humor—"I can prove I was born. I found records in East Lane, Walworth. . . ."

Then he began to go into his origins. He knows little of his father's family. His father, an actor, had separated from his mother shortly after he was born. He only remembers seeing him three times—twice on the stage—by the time he was eight. The first time his father kissed him was the last time he saw him alive. He died at 37, of dropsy.

On his mother's side, his grandfather was an Irish

Charlie Chaplin in "Modern Times," *1936.*

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cobbler, and his grandmother came from people who were in the rag-and-bone business – junk collectors. Chaplin recalled that at home he always heard how one of his aunts used to be able to call better than all others, "Come and buy my violets." He almost sang it, and said, "This means, almost certainly, that she was a gypsy. They were the ones selling violets." Based solely on this oral evidence, he believes he must be part gypsy.

His search had produced no real records of his mother's family, or so few as to be useless, and after telling me one or two more details of their ups and downs, he finished them off with a sentence I shall never forget – it seemed to burst from him, and he hammered the arm of the couch as he spoke:

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"But they were nothing . . . *nothing* . . . NOTHING!"

His voice rose, and his delivery told more than the words. His jaw hardened, and it carried something of the way Victorian England felt about such people: poverty and weakness were punishable by being ignored, crushed or shamed. He went on:

"I have some relatives on my father's side, living in Africa, who look extremely Jewish, some with Jewish names, so I am probably part Jewish. . . . The family may have come from France. . . . Chaplin could be French. . . . I don't think any of the family came from Scotland, or Wales. . . . Maybe some came from Germany. I may be part French, and Jewish, or German...."

These were the pieces, in that talk, that outpouring, the sort of information that he had gathered during his search for himself. He offered them for evidence of what he was, where he came from – none of it was certain, none sure, none conclusive. All was fragmentary oral evidence, or good guessing. He did not know his stock; he would never know his origins.

As further "evidence" of his Jewishness, he said that while working on *The Great Dictator*, he felt so close to the Jews, and to what was happening to them under Hitler, "that I was convinced I *must* be Jewish."

It struck me then: this is getting closer to the truth: he identifies with the underdog, and his true nationality is that of the disinherited. . . .

His wealth is not just protection, it is his revenge for the stinging humiliations he endured as a nobody. But his greatness? He continually returned to the term, "clown," "nothing but a clown," until I asked him directly whether he had any idea of what it was that linked him to the millions of people who felt so close to him, who loved his "tramp," who worshipped him as something more than an actor, as something more personal than a showman. His whole answer, in strong, decisive terms, was:

"Yes. Bread and dripping."

FINALLY, LATE THAT EVENING, he told a story that capped the visit for me. Oxford had decided to award him an honorary degree last year. He said:

"I took the train up there from London, and I didn't know if I was supposed to speak or not. I'd never seen such a ceremony. One of the men there, Trevor-Roper – you know the name? – had said something about me, that *The Times* carried: he thought it was a scandal, or something, giving me a degree. He said, 'We might as well be honoring a circus clown.' That made me mad, damned mad.

"When I got there, they gave me this big black robe, and the ceremony went ahead. I still wasn't sure whether I was to speak or not – I had an attack of bronchitis, and could hardly speak above a whisper, not much more than this (he spoke in a forced hiss-whisper). Then they told me that I could say something if I wished. I did.

"I looked around the audience, and I saw him (Trevor-Roper) sitting there, but I didn't look at him directly, and didn't know whether I should mention him and his attack, or not. I began, and I said to them, 'I cannot compete with you on knowledge, so I cannot talk about "truth." And I wouldn't presume to try to tell you about "goodness," or morality, that's something you understand better than I. But I can talk about "beauty" – that's a matter of individual taste, and preference. I guess we're all equals when it comes to beauty. . . .

" 'And you know, beauty can be found in the most unexpected places. It can be seen (and, with a wave of his hand, the whole audience, and the small, black sea of Oxford dons addressed by this English slum boy was before me) in a back alley, with a shaft of sunlight suddenly cutting down across a rubbish bin, spilling over with trash. . . . Or, it can be in a rose – see! – (he bent a little, opening his hand to the castaway flower) floating down a gutter. Or even (slight pause), in the antics of a clown.'

"And then I looked right straight at him, and they applauded, and that's all I said."

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Those who had no papers entitling them to live lined up to die. The whole North-west Station was a gigantic waiting-room. It was a long, long wait, but eventually everyone's turn came. Those who finally lay in the freight cars thanked God, and when at last the wheels began to turn and the engine spewed, hissed, and let out a long whistle, none of the forty-five had a tear left. Every breath hurt and crying was torture. Besides, the dead don't cry. The forty-five had died. Dr and Mrs Barth lay squeezed together, for fifteen years they hadn't lain so close, and felt neither pain nor cold. They smelled nothing and saw nothing.

Confused thoughts came to them in their half-sleep. They saw Anton's open eyes, large and brown and without lashes, they saw Wohlbrecht's eyes, blue, honest, perhaps a little watery. Dr Barth murmured: Adonai, and Mrs Barth moved her lips and seemed to want to say Mama. The train whistle blew again and again. Anton's eyes grew larger and in the end they were as big as the Black Sea—as big and mad as Odessa—as loud as the market, as shiny as the ships on the sea. The steamers' engines kept pounding out the song: Razhinkes un mandlen—raisins and almonds will be your trade. But I became a doctor. Mrs Barth saw the great rabbi of Chernigev who had taught the mute Rivkele to speak. The doctor and his wife were both from Odessa, and even in dying they were still in the same street where they had played together at the age of four. And now they were both on their way back to Odessa. With a detour, to be sure, by way of Vienna, a forty-year detour and a crippled son left behind, they were going home to their parents and relatives who were also long dead.

But they never reached Odessa. In the little Polish town of Oswiecim they were taken off the train by men in uniform and cremated the same day.

Even at night Anton Barth lay with his eyes open, for like the rest of him his eyelids were paralysed. He wore dark glasses. For sixteen years he had been waiting for his head to die too. That was the most he could do for his parents. In that night of March 14th, 1942, he had a strange dream:

Rain is falling. Everything is dripping with blood. People are being washed out of the houses and are drifting through the streets. The corpses become heavy with blood and sink. But he stays up. With eyes wide open but without his dark glasses, he drifts through the rain, as though swimming on his back. He isn't swimming, though. He is walking with powerful strides. In his right hand a book, his favourite book, in his left the keys to the apartment. Both clutched fast. He is on his way home. He, the paralytic, is walking, while all the people from his street and the neighbouring streets float past him dead, and sink. He sees himself putting the key in the door, he hears someone calling, he doesn't know from where. He doesn't understand the words—there is a call from somewhere, loud as a drum. Then he wakes up.

He wanted to cry but he couldn't, even a single tear gave him maddening pains in the eyes. For some reason Anton had the idea that similar rain had poured down on the day he was born. I was born in a blood-bath, a deluge of blood. But I didn't drown in it. Maybe that's where my sickness came from?

His father lectured to him by the hour, but he couldn't ask him any questions. His vocabulary was too small. He understood no better the prayers and quotations Rabbi Weiss chanted to him. How will he ever tell anyone about this dream of blood? The dream spoiled his appetite. At about nine o'clock Anton heard Hermann Wohlbrecht's wooden leg clattering on the stairs. The keys made a tremendous noise. He felt that the apartment was empty, emptier than on the Day of Atonement when his parents went to early services. Not a muscle moved in Wohlbrecht's wrinkled face. He set down the breakfast on the table beside the bed and began to feed his patient. He was very quiet today. Wohlbrecht had already wiped Anton's mouth and cleared away the dishes; he was picking up the tray when Anton let out the word 'Mama'. Wohlbrecht studied young Barth, put down the tray, and began to talk, first slowly, then faster and faster, as though he couldn't get it over with fast enough: Left today. No choice. That's right, no choice. Compulsory notice. Or they'd end up in concentration camp. Sure, you don't get it. Neither do I. But that's how it is. Bad lot, the Nazis—you don't fool with them. Your mother and father left me the keys. The apartment is mine now. They made me a present of it so those bastards wouldn't get their hands on it—that was smart of them. Yes, that's how it is under Adolf, the gangster. But I'll keep my promise. You bet I will. I'll spend every single penny on you. But I'll have to sell. Too bad. It isn't much money anyway. First you'll come down to my place in the cellar, you'll spend the night there, and tomorrow I'll take you to a safe place. Not in the city. It's not safe. We'll go to the country. The real country. Where it's green. It'll be like a holiday. Yes, to the mountains. It's beautiful up there. Good air. It's suffocating in the city.

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Anyway, it's no good for you. They'll put you in the gas wagon one-two-three. Yes, that's how it is under Adolf, they don't think twice, not with cripples, much less with Jewish cripples. Nothing we can do about it. So the quicker the better. I'll take care of the packing. Just food, nothing else. Wohlbrecht has thought of everything. I wasn't born yesterday. Tonight you'll sleep downstairs in my place. And tomorrow bright and early, bugle call, and off we go. Yes, my boy (Wohlbrecht clicked his heel against his wooden leg and saluted), an old soldier knows how these things are done—I know a thing or two, believe you me, I know those damn Nazis inside out. Take the train? I should say not, we're not that dumb, I've got a better idea (Wohlbrecht whispered): Hay! What do you say to that? Surprised? An old soldier knows the ropes. Who's going to look for a cripple in a load of hay? Am I right? Ha, ha. Don't make me laugh. I know what I'm doing. The hay is for the deer—taking it out to the forest, without it the critters'll die on us, so don't make no trouble, Sergeant. Yeah, that's the way to talk to those bums. Friendly but firm. For the deer, ha, ha, ha, first-class hay with a crippled Jew in it. Ha, ha, what do you say? Not bad, eh?

No, Anton screamed. That was all he could get out.

Wohlbrecht picked up the tray and said as he was turning to go: A hay wagon is better than a gas wagon? Or ain't it? Your late parents—I guess it's safe to call them that—they left it all to me, so don't you give me any trouble, see? Balancing the tray like a practised waiter, Wohlbrecht left the room and slammed the door behind him. With his teeth Anton moved his favourite book to the reading stand and his eyes read:

By day gaunt invalids carry my thoughts from daredevil schemes to broad, prancing, invincible certainty towards evening.

Earthquake. The plague eats away my pale face, a silent voice speaks silent signs which only madmen interpret and bear with them unsaid and unforgotten, but at night ...

He could read no further, the dream came back to him and he was afraid of Wohlbrecht.

The big crate marked Caution Do Not Drop—Fragile—was carried to the waiting cab by Wohlbrecht and the janitor's wife. It wasn't heavy and it didn't tinkle. They had simply folded Anton Barth in two. Wedged in between the preserved fruit (guaranteed nutritious), the cans of sardines and the loaves of bread—the salt was an afterthought, they had just poured it in his pockets—he couldn't move. An air hole had been sawn out under each of the handles. The cab driver didn't like the looks of the crate. He growled: Cost you at least thirty marks. Don't stand there, Wohlbrecht commanded. Give the lady a hand. You'll wreck my car with your goddam crate. Get a move on, Wohlbrecht shouted. The main thing was not to attract attention. The driver cursed and complained but helped. Three times they tried it, the car door wasn't quite wide enough, though Wohlbrecht had copied the exact measurements out of the Motorist's Handbook, which shows you how books lie, and then finally—whish—it was in. The three wiped their foreheads.

Cost you thirty marks. Get off it, you've got your nerve. Can't you see I'm a war invalid? You'd take money out of an orphan's mouth. Come on, let's go—Nutschliggasse 30.

Wohlbrecht balanced one corner of the crate on his knee—the young gentleman wasn't really very heavy—he needn't have taken the preserves, I can't very well open a year's supply in advance, and he sure can't get the jars open by himself, but I owe it to the Frau Doktor, a promise is a promise, Christ, I let myself in for something! His wooden leg ached. Thirty marks is a lot of money, and all thrown out of the window, in a week he'll be dead anyway, I should have delivered him straight to the hospital, they do it free of charge nowadays, a cripple isn't fit to live, least of all in wartime, 'unproductive parasite feeding on the body of the nation'—there is a grain of truth in it, sure enough. But a promise is a promise, I'll have to get the apartment painted first and then offer it to Hochrieder right away, with his low party number he can swing it, or they'll confiscate it on me and then where'll I be. The papers are perfectly in order and notarized, they got to watch their step with a war invalid, especially one with two sons at the front, it ought to bring 4,000 schillings (as a matter of principle Wohlbrecht thought only in the prewar currency). Hochrieder had promised him half in advance.

What you got in that crate? shouted the driver into the mirror. Wohlbrecht's first impulse was to tell him to go to hell, but foresight is better than hindsight. If I say dishes, Wohlbrecht reflected, he's the kind to get suspicious and go straight to the police, in this town it's the innocent things that make people suspicious. My mother-in-law cut up in little pieces! The driver grinned. That old cripple is O.K. He decided to come down to twenty-five marks. You killed her first, I hope, said the driver. You think I'm crazy? Wohlbrecht called back. Too much like work. I did it the other way. The driver laughed till his teeth almost fell out of his mouth. I can't ask him for more than twenty. What a character. Live and let live, that was the driver's motto, he was an Austrian from the good old Emperor's days. Rough on the outside, but a heart of gold inside. Here we are, Nutschliggasse, but next time take a hearse.

Get a move on, cried Wohlbrecht. He had no time to lose. With one tug he tumbled the crate out of the car and on to the pavement. Turn it round, Wohlbrecht ordered, the 'Caution Do Not Drop' sign was nowhere to be seen. Wohlbrecht gave the driver twenty marks and shook his hand. Good luck, the driver said, and take care you don't get caught. Wohlbrecht felt uneasy, walls have ears, he always liked to say. Goodbye, he called after the driver.

Heil Hitler, said a youngster, may I be of assistance? Sure, said Wohlbrecht. Put your books down. The Hitler boy helped Wohlbrecht carry the crate into the yard. Good kid, here's ten groschen. He held out a coin. Thank you, said the Hitler boy, clicked his heels and stood at attention. To help the aged, sick and injured (he glanced at Wohlbrecht's wooden leg) is

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the duty of every Hitler boy. Heil Hitler and many thanks. Then he took the ten-pfennig piece from Wohlbrecht's hand and marched off. Wohlbrecht shook his head and growled: 'Scum.'

When he lifted young Barth out of the crate, he almost fainted; he looked almost like a mother-in-law cut up in little pieces. A jar of preserved cherries had spilled over him, his hands and face were smeared red, and his eyes were lifeless. He's dead. No doubt about that. Barth was trouble enough alive, what was he going to do with his corpse? Fear that the boy might die en route had given him a sleepless night. They'd lock him up on suspicion of murder, and murdering a Jew whose parents had given him an apartment, that was getting political. It can only end with the Gestapo. And they have no pity, not even on war invalids. They won't even have to send me to Dachau—what for? They'll just unbuckle my leg and leave me sitting in the waiting room until I kick off. He wiped the cherry syrup off Anton's face and poked a finger between his lips. His life depended on the cripple's. When Anton woke from his faint and bit his finger, tears of joy came into Wohlbrecht's eyes. Go on and bite, bite away, he whispered tenderly. Then he substituted a bottleneck for his finger and poured in a swallow or two of schnapps. The schnapps revived Anton. He inhaled the cold March wind and moved from one shoulder blade to the other. Wohlbrecht found a wet cloth, knelt beside Anton, whom he had bedded down in the hay by the open barn door, and wiped the last traces of the sticky juice off his body. He found cherries on his neck, under his armpits and even in his stockings. Goddam mess. He put fresh warm underwear on him, three shirts, two sweaters, a pair of thick woollen trousers, two pairs of warm stockings, then a pair of ski socks, and then a pair of soft fleece-lined shoes (no good to walk in), and stuffed all this in a quilted raincoat (all just as the Frau Doktor had wanted it). What a mess, said Wohlbrecht, wasn't it, as he stuffed bread and sausage into Barth's mouth. The cold and the fresh air had made Anton hungry. He felt warm and safe in the clean underwear, he was almost happy. The sky above the yard was blue, the place smelled of earth. Anton smiled, showing two rows of sound snow-white teeth, an unexpected island of health that no doctor could account for. Anton was burning for adventure. He looked forward to the woods, the mountains and the wide sky, the peace, the animals (he knew them all from pictures), and most of all to the clear, fresh mountain air. Anton had made an art of breathing. Breathing (not ordinary unconscious inhaling and exhaling) was his happiest occupation. It was his private art, not unlike music (for he used certain rhythms, though there was no melody) and not unlike poetry, because it provoked distinct states of feeling. His breathing was a cross between reason and sensation, a wonderful, indescribable experience. In short, it was the art of a total paralytic.

Mountain air was his instrument, yielding the most wonderful, magical variations.

On his way to his hiding place he would have liked to look at the sky at least. (Properly bedded, he might even have seen the countryside and the villages.) He loved the contours of mountains, trees and houses against the blue, as if they'd been silhouettes cut out with scissors. Certainly no one was going to climb up on the hay, nor would a plane be able to spot him; but he forgave Wohlbrecht. Maybe it's best this way. In a time of insanity desires are dangerous. At about ten o'clock the urine receptacle was buckled on him, then Wohlbrecht put him into his 'masterpiece'—it looked like a coffin but was open at the head and foot—and wrapped him in warm blankets. He wound a muffler round his head and pulled a woollen cap over his ears (every detail had been discussed with the Frau Doktor) and began to nail down the lid. The first layer of hay was already in the wagon. They were waiting for Wohlbrecht's brother-in-law. The bastard's never ahead of time. Hermann Wohlbrecht looked at his watch. Already half-past ten. We'll be starting soon, he said in the direction of Barth, who had fallen asleep behind his dark glasses. The old nag's hoofs could be heard coming down the street and a moment later Alois was in the yard. Alois was under thirty-five, but as an epileptic he was exempted from all military and labour service. He washed his hands, brought up phlegm from deep down (breathing came hard to him), and spat vigorously at the only tree in the yard. It's about time, said Hermann, where did you get to anyway? I got here didn't I? Alois gave his brother-in-law a tired, unfriendly look. Together they lifted the masterpiece into the wagon. So that's what he looks like. Alois pushed up the dark glasses and looked with terror into the open lid-less eyes of his brother-in-law's Jew. Get your paws off him and hitch up the wagon or we'll still be here come Ascension. Vaguely wagging his head, Alois busied himself with the harness. But he couldn't get that face out of his head. It made him a little sick. Unlike Hermann, his brother-in-law, Alois was slim and frail, only his stomach was bloated from drinking, and he had a small Hitler moustache (like most of the men in his native district). He had beautiful blue eyes and long coal-black hair, white hands and thin fingers; only the fingertips showed that he worked with his hands. They looked as if they had been flattened with a mallet. But apparently these imperfections had passed unnoticed—he was known as handsome Alois. While hitching the horse to the shaft, he couldn't take his eyes off the woollen cap and the dark glasses that had slipped down a little over Anton's slightly hooked nose. The head protruding from the coffin reminded him of the Prater, where young ladies were put in open coffins to be sawn in half. Next to Anton's box they stowed a smaller crate. Nailed tight on all sides and padlocked, it contained provisions. The crates were roped together and fastened to hooks on either side of the wagon. Over them they piled hay, not too much and not too little. Just right. Last came the stovepipe. It was stuck into the hay like a snorkel. An air shaft like those in the trenches at Ypres. Wohlbrecht's idea.

Go get your coat and don't forget the hat with the bristles.

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Get a move on. Alois was a slow-coach. A fellow like that, you're lucky he doesn't throw a fit, Wohlbrecht consoled himself. After ten minutes of impatient waiting Alois came back at last. In his coat and his hat with the chamois beard, munching an apple. Then they drove gee-up out of the gate.

When they were on the open road with the last house behind them and not a living creature for miles except the ravens that darted screaming into the furrows, Alois pulled out a crucifix from under his coat. I'll give it to him. If he feels low, he will learn to pray. He don't need a crucifix, you blockhead... Wohlbrecht looked at his epileptic brother-in-law with unconcealed hatred. He's a Jew. That's nothing, Alois argued, it can't do no harm. He took a bottle of schnapps from his coat pocket and raised it to his lips. Don't drink so much, Hermann was getting steadily angrier (how did that jerk ever manage to worm his way in with the Wohlbrechts? Not a word about his fits until two months after the wedding). You got to drive later.

You think he's still alive? Before his eyes Alois saw the motionless head in the woollen cap and dark glasses. If he's alive, and I'm not sure he is, he'll thank God he's got such a nice crucifix. The thought that Barth might die on him made Wohlbrecht's throat contract. Don't talk, shut up, you jumping-jack. His wooden leg (or was it the stump?) was itching like mad today.

My foot's itching, he said, it's going to rain soon.

Rain or shine, dust or soup, sang Alois, who was tight by now, we'll knock the Prussians for a loop. Juchei tralala, juchei tralala. He remembered the song from primary school. Pipe down, said Hermann. (But Alois went right on: Our girls the Prussians want to steal. We'll show 'em how to fight for real. Juchei tralala, juchei tralala.) We're on patrol in enemy territory, back there (he pointed behind him) pure dynamite. If he gets blown up... (Alois saw woollen cap and jars, boards and preserves flying high in all directions. As an epileptic he was given to imagining things.) If he gets blown up, Alois completed the sentence, then good night! I'll sock him on the head with the crucifix, that'll make him see stars in broad daylight. That'll show him.

Pipe down, screamed Wohlbrecht. Here come the gendarmes, now you can show what kind of a hero you are. Sure enough, two men in grey uniforms appeared on a motor-cycle with sidecar and blocked the road. One, the bigger one, pushed up his goggles over his forehead, and shouted: Where you going, Pop? Where do you think, the Stefanskogel,* where else? Wohlbrecht lied. The gendarme eyed him with suspicion. And from there? he asked. Why, then we're going on up to the game sanctuary, so the critters don't starve to death.

That's fine. Come on down, the two of you.

On his way down, Wohlbrecht rolled up his trousers to make his wooden leg more conspicuous. Without waiting for further questions he gave his answers: the hay is for the game warden, we've only got to take it up, the rest is none of our business. If we don't get there today we'll be in real trouble. I won't get my receipt, because the man won't wait for us, and if I don't get my receipt, I don't get my money. The deer'll have their hay, but my kids will scream their heads off with hunger. Wohlbrecht interpreted the gendarme's sceptical smile as friendliness. If the kids get nothing to eat they won't go to school and if they don't go to school I'm in trouble with the police. But you're the police, so how about letting us go now and you won't have to arrest us later. This man next to me, get that dumb look off your face, Alois—he always has that dumb look before a fit comes on—he's my brother-in-law. A certified epileptic. I'm a war invalid. Seventy-five per cent disabled. But you can't get along on the pension, not now with everything so high. That's why I always got to make a little extra. Who'd have dreamed such a thing back in '14 when I enlisted, the first in my class? The gendarme listened with folded arms, sucking his teeth because you are not allowed to use toothpicks on duty.

You haven't got a pig there under the hay, have you?

We haven't got a pig, Inspector.

Wohlbrecht's stump was twitching fiercely, it ran right down his wooden leg all the way to the rubber. The signal of fear.

The jig's up, Wohlbrecht, he said to himself. Sooner or later, it's got to happen to you. Everybody, my friend, can't live through two wars. After all, you're not a hippopotamus. He waited for the command: Fire! And saw himself blindfolded, shot through the heart, falling to the ground.

Should I first shout Long Live Austria? it flashed through his head. Then at least I won't have died for nothing. Or should I shout: Austria will be free again! like they do in London? Too long, they'll start shooting and nobody'll hear me. I'm dying, Wohlbrecht called out aloud. Alois looked at him in terror. You haven't got a sow under that hay? repeated the gendarme and spat out on the road what he had found in his teeth.

Coal is what we got. And that's the truth.

Three sacks, Alois confirmed.

That'll get you into jail, too. But I'll make an exception because you're a cripple. Now, beat it, get a move on.

The wooden leg stopped twitching. Wohlbrecht got his wits back. Maybe you got a map for me, Inspector? So we don't get lost again. To tell you the truth, the coal is for the Ortsgruppenleiter in Siebenbrunn.

Here's a map. He gave him a brand new one. But listen, friend, don't tell the next patrol about the Ortsgruppenleiter, he was drafted two years ago.

Wohlbrecht couldn't get up on the wagon fast enough.

Gloria, Victoria, with heart and hand for Fatherland, he sang between his teeth.

For Alois the climb up was agony. But once on top he was overcome with gratitude for the cops who had behaved so decently: A most friendly Heil Hitler, gentlemen.

Halt! cried the gendarme. The leg twitched again. Come down, you. He meant Alois.

Alois crawled down and stood at attention.

* *Popular outing spot near Vienna.*

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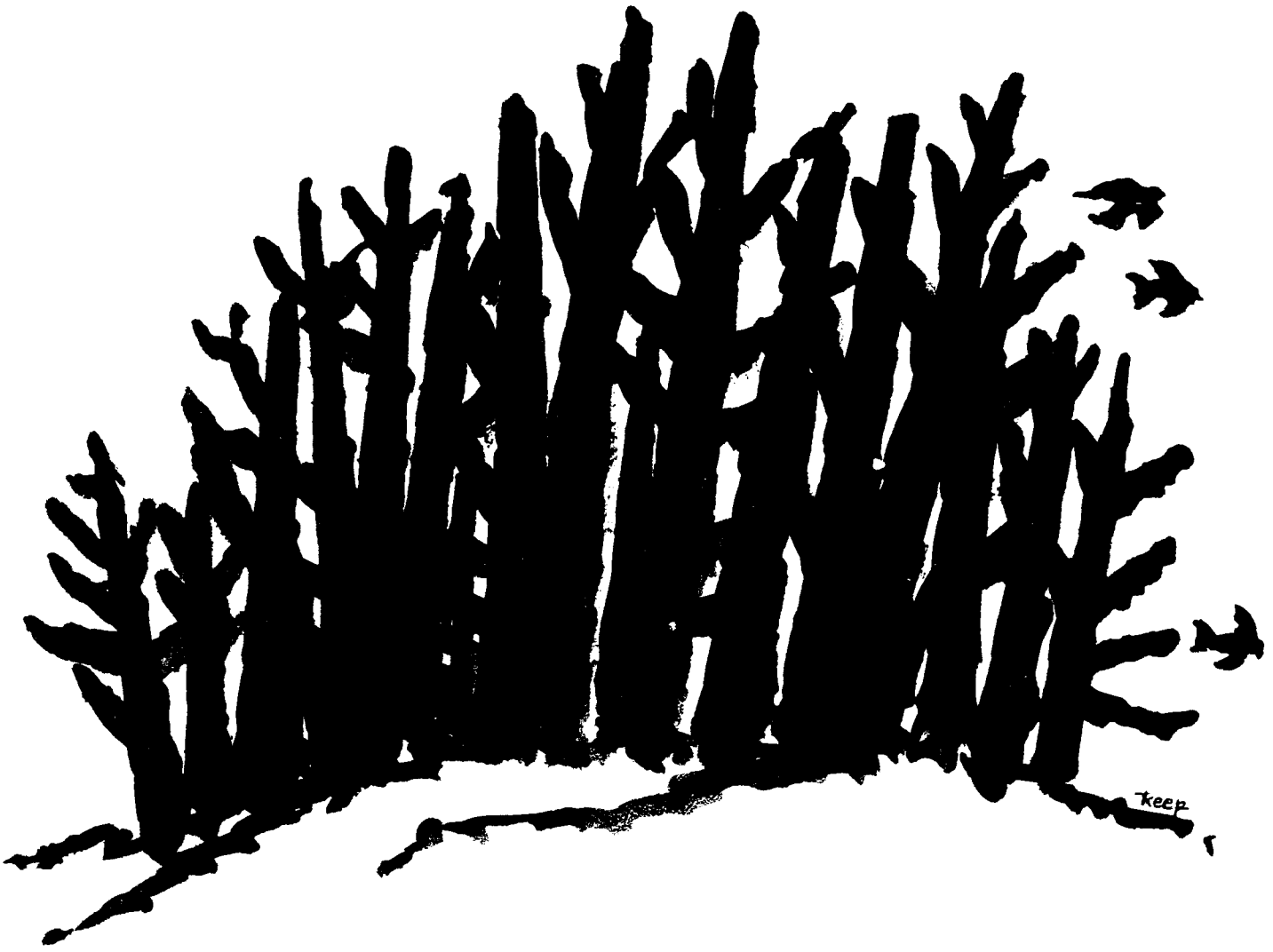

What do you mean Heil Hitler? the gendarme raged. With us it's still Heil Austria, you shithead. He gave him a devastating clout on the ear. So you won't forget. If you're going in for sabotage, only the Resistance can help you, Heil Hitler won't get you anywhere. He gave him another clout for the road. O.K., beat it.

The two Austrian partisans on their motor-cycle and sidecar vanished in a cloud of dust.

Wohlbrecht seethed with rage. Hitting a sick man! he shouted at the empty highway. The goddam nerve. Just for that: Heil Hitler, and a double-triple Heil Hitler, and a 'Judas, drop dead' for good measure. Alois held his cheek and cursed his brother-in-law and his Jew. With his last words Wohlbrecht had shown a typically Austrian patriotic pride and a human, superhuman quality that had nothing in common with Alois's mutterings about dirty Jews.

Past Siebenbrunn, on a deserted forest path, they stopped to rest. The hay was piled in such a way that it could be lifted a little. Barth had slept almost all day. He saw that it was getting dark. Here's something for you, said Wohlbrecht, glad that Barth was still alive, and put some pieces of apple and two slices of bread in his mouth. We won't let you starve. Water, stammered Barth, comprehensible only to the initiate. Wohlbrecht set the water bottle to his mouth. Barth drank avidly. The hay dust had made him thirsty. It won't be long now, said Wohlbrecht. In three-quarters of an hour we'll be at the foot. Then you can rest a while. First Alois will carry up the provisions and look round. And if everything is all right up there, I'll take you up on my back. He's an epileptic, if he passes out on the way, we're in trouble. I'll take you up myself even if it breaks my wooden leg. Just a little patience, we'll be there soon! Alois untied the oat bag from the horse and paced back and forth. It was almost dark. The woods looked dangerous, not for a kingdom would he have stayed here more than an hour. But five hundred marks wasn't chicken-feed, he'd get those provisions up if the snow were ten feet deep. Suddenly he realized what they were up to. We're leaving the cripple behind in the woods, he'll die of fright before the night is out. Horrible! On the other hand it was lucky in a way. It

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certainly wasn't his fault. The Jew belonged to his brother-in-law, what he did with him was his business. Anybody else would have killed him and buried him long ago or turned him over to the Gestapo—but Hermann has always been the honest kind: with him a promise is a promise. Even if he couldn't stand him in every other way, Hermann was honest, he had to admit that. Nobody does a thing like that for a couple of thousand schillings. Downright decent, that's what it was. Hermann's got character, no denying it.

Arrived at the foot of the mountain, they tethered the horse to a tree and began to unload. Barth was removed from the crate and bedded in the hay. After some discussion back and forth Alois had finally strapped the small food crate to his back and started the climb. The trail, according to Hermann, was marked with large stones that should always be on the right side.

Wohlbrecht sat beside young Barth and stared into space. He saw nothing and thought of nothing. The night was cold and the snow had melted in most places. The sky was cloudless and sprinkled with stars and there was a smell of thaw in the air. Apart from the crackling of branches, the falling of pine cones, and the hooting of owls, the world was dead. If I wasn't so stupid and honest, Wohlbrecht pondered, I wouldn't be sitting here. But that's the way I am. He had fixed up the hut for him as best he could, stuffed the holes and cracks to keep out the draught, he had even repaired the leaks in the roof so not a drop would seep in. He would put the preserves on a level with his mouth. There was nothing more he could do. Not right now, at least. That's fate, can't be helped. He hadn't asked for Hitler. Hitler had come all by himself. Hitler or no Hitler, what kind of a life did young Barth have? Even his own parents had prayed for his death, was he who was really a stranger not entitled to wish the same?

Just as he was beginning to look forward to his Turkish bath, there was Alois again, standing in front of him like a genie out of a bottle. I won't go. I won't go, said Alois, I won't go. He'll die on us up there. Just listening to that wind scares hell out of me. I'd expect that from you, said Wohlbrecht, unperturbed. Let's go, come on, there's no time to waste. You should have thought of that before. I won't go, I can't. I didn't hear those noises when I promised you I would come. Anyway, let's turn him in at the hospital, let somebody else have him on his conscience. I haven't got the nerve. Not for all the tea in China ...

Wohlbrecht was furious. You don't know what you're talking about. In the hospital—he'd be dead tomorrow. And here? asked Alois. Before the night's out, for sure. See here, said Hermann. Let's talk this thing over sensibly. I'm just going back quick to settle the business with the apartment, I won't be gone long, can't you get that through your head? I'll be right back, and anyway that's how his parents wanted it—I must keep my word, you don't know me, when I make a promise I keep it. Alois just stood there, looking at his shoes. Get going, I tell you, and on the double, Wohlbrecht hissed. What's the matter with you? I can't do it, Hermann, I can't. Keep your 500 schillings, I can't do it. What do you mean, you can't, you jumping-jack, sneaking into other people's families, nobody's asked you if you can or can't, you got to, that's all. My honour is at stake, that's something you never heard of, eh? Please, Hermann, please. Alois leaned against a tree, I can't, I feel weak. You can't feel weak, not now, Wohlbrecht broke in. Pull yourself together, come on. A promise is a promise.

Alois slid slowly to the ground. The crate came to rest with a thud. His hair hung wildly over his face and to keep from falling he propped both hands against the ground. Wohlbrecht was in a rage. Don't you start in, don't you start in now, Christ Almighty ...

I can't, Alois whimpered, we can't leave him alone, not even for an hour. Wohlbrecht could almost taste his gall. Will you shut up, he whispered loudly and looked—he had forgotten about it in the excitement—furtively at the dark glasses in which the moon and the snow were reflected. Young Barth of course understood every word. When there was silence for a moment, he too could be heard whimpering and panting. Then came a 'no, no' that sounded like a fog-horn. In despair Wohlbrecht hopped around on his wooden leg as if it had been his good one, and finally got stuck in the snow and slush. Everything happens at once, he said to himself. He pulled at the rope on Alois's crate, it was hopeless, the crate was as if glued to the ground and the more he tugged and pulled, muttering curses, the harder it went. Alois clutched the roots of the trees. Will you get going? Wohlbrecht nearly wept with rage. I won't go, Alois screamed. The echo came back like thunder. I can't, he'll die on us. I know what it feels like. The thought that Barth might die before the summit put Wohlbrecht in a panic. Not knowing what he was doing, he hit Alois over the head. A cow at the slaughter couldn't have bellowed louder. Birds darted from the branches, startling Wohlbrecht and Barth. Alois lay on all fours, his arms and legs sprawling. He bellowed louder and louder and the crate wobbled more and more. His face was turned towards the sky, strands of hair covered his eyes. The crate was a square silhouette. A strange, mythical monster.

Wohlbrecht stood pale beside him and bit into his handkerchief. Now there was nothing he could do but wait. The rest of the preserves are sure to be smashed and the bread soaked through. Where can I get some more? Alois quieted down but Anton kept on panting. He even seemed to be trying to raise his head. A fine concert. Some mess I've let myself in for, Wohlbrecht kept saying to himself, unable to do anything about it. It looked as if Alois didn't want to be outdone by the Jew. He began to scream again, rolled on the ground and bit into the snow. Wohlbrecht jumped from his good leg to the wooden one and back again and ran in a circle round the two lunatics (they're off their rocker both of them). If they hear it in Eberstal, they'll send a patrol and goodbye.

Actually Eberstal was on the other side of the mountain, but this racket could be heard on the moon if there's anybody there to hear it. After ten minutes of horror, ten years it seemed to

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Wohlbrecht, Alois calmed down. White spittle stood in the corners of his mouth, he lay on his belly and looked up at Wohlbrecht out of tired eyes. He looks like a dead dog. Some mess. His body was still twitching as in a fever, but otherwise he seemed contented, almost happy. His face began to shine with serene bliss. He even smiled. Are you satisfied now? asked Wohlbrecht. For a moment Wohlbrecht was happy himself, the worst seemed to be over. Then, just to annoy him, Barth began to scream again and Wohlbrecht lost patience. He won't get the better of me, not him. Don't make me laugh. Here I'm trying to rescue him but who's going to rescue me? You've got to keep cool, like in the trenches when you're looking down the enemy's guns What we need is discipline. Self-control. War is war. Wohlbrecht took a stone and aimed it at Barth's stomach (he would never have laid a hand to him). Actions speak louder than words. And to be sure, the effect was immediate. Instantly Barth fell silent. It was the first physical pain he had felt in all his life. He had never fallen, never bumped himself. This one stone that hadn't even struck, burst like a bomb and set his whole body on fire. He felt a sudden itching and twitching. His finger tips moved. It was a miracle. He had tears in his eyes and they didn't even hurt. They were tears of unspeakable joy.

Wohlbrecht bent down over his baby and spoke calmly, reasonably: Don't cry, Toni. Stop. I didn't mean to hurt you. But Alois is driving me crazy and if you too... Barth stammered something. He was happy. He wanted to show Wohlbrecht his fingers, the way they were dancing up and down. Wohlbrecht, who understood his language, looked, looked at his fingers, but they were as dead as ever. The magic spell was gone. Nothing was left of it but a feverish itching. Barth breathed blissfully. You see, said Wohlbrecht, looking down like a kindly father on his two happy children, you see, that's what the fresh mountain air does for you.

All the trouble and misery of the last few days had slipped away, perhaps he would never have known this joy without it. Barth cried like a child that has found his mother again.

Wohlbrecht unbuckled the crate from Alois and opened it. His worst fears were confirmed. The jars were all smashed, except for two, the bread was soaked and squashed and full of broken glass. He collected the cans of sardines and sauerkraut and carefully removed the splinters of glass from the bread. Got to bury the glass and all. A soldier on patrol leaves no traces. Wohlbrecht looked for a suitable stick: he found three, but the ground was too hard and they broke. There was nothing else to do (where would I be without my pet?), he unbuckled his wooden leg and, balancing on one knee, dug a hole large enough to bury the broken glass and the preserved cherries and plums. Conscientiously he filled in the hole and pounded it smooth, as though burying the disgrace of his origin once and for all. Now he'd have to go up himself. Not one trip but two. Alois was useless. Go ahead and sleep, he grumbled, I'll take it up myself. With the crate on his shoulder he stamped off through the snow and the autumn leaves. Thoroughly exhausted, Alois fell asleep. But Barth was wide awake, listening to the night. Wohlbrecht's footfalls sounded familiar. Ever since he could remember, they had been the refrain of his thoughts. Barth listened to the crackling of the branches, the falling of the pine cones and leaves, the wind whishing in the tree-tops and the hooting of an owl. Somewhere a wolf howled and a fox barked, the moon slipped out of its hiding place to have a look at Barth. All his fears were gone as if by magic. Neither the dark forest nor the solitude frightened him. A happiness he had never known flowed through him like a spring. Quick, clear and exciting. A new life was beginning. An indefinable feeling came over him, as if the sweat that had always run under his skin, over his inner organs, had suddenly dried. Something good is happening to me. But I mustn't see people any more. He heard Alois snoring and hated him: he, Anton Barth, who had never felt hatred. He hated Wohlbrecht too, whom he had adored all his life and who was now in the dead of night breaking his wooden leg on a mountain for his sake. He hated the memory of his parents. Let them stay where they are—he felt a new strength: solitude. It was like having wings; alone and left to his own resources, he glided free like a bird in the sky. As soon as they go, Anton dreamed in a half-sleep, I'll be cured. I have a secret treasure no one knows about and no one will ever see. I don't need anybody. Anybody or anything. Then he fell asleep.

Barth was awakened by a voice: Alois, where are you? Alois had disappeared. Wohlbrecht was afraid. If that bum has run off to Eberstal, it'll bring the gendarmes and that's the end of us. At last he found his brother-in-law snoring in the hay. To forestall any possible nonsense—foresight is better than hindsight—he tied Alois to the wagon without waking him up. Just like the crate. After a short rest and a sip from the schnapps bottle he slung Barth on his back and started off on his second climb. Barth sat with his face turned to the valley, he looked happy and grew happier at each step, while Wohlbrecht felt more and more wretched. The leave-taking sat heavy on his stomach. Hochrieder was no comfort, either. Far from it. But it was important. If I don't attend to it right away it'll be too late. We'll see what comes next. I'll get back no matter what, but first I have to take care of these little details. If I wait another day, the neighbours will break in. Then it's goodbye my beautiful dreams. I won't put the money in the bank, it wouldn't be safe. I'll put it in my wooden leg, then it'll be worth something at last. Just the same, leave-taking is heartbreaking and it's sad to say goodbye. Everything in life is an accident, the rest is fate. Wohlbrecht climbed slowly as if he never wanted to get to the top, the thought of the crime he was going to commit bothered him. But that isn't going to help anybody, neither him nor me. Just make the best of a bad job and take Anton's mind off things. A little good advice for the future can't hurt him either. This isn't the kind of thing that happens every day, so better talk straight from the heart. Give him a tip or two that will come in handy some time. And so Wohlbrecht said to Barth, who was sitting on his neck:

There's two things that count in life, it can't be repeated too

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often: honesty and hard work. Loafers and crooks have got nothing coming to them. Honest, hard-working people get their rewards. Lazy and dishonest people are in for a rough time. Honesty is a man's most valuable possession. Only man is honest, animals are deceitful. Even a dog is faithful only as long as he gets fed. A man is better than any animal. Animals are nothing but animals because they don't work. People that don't work don't deserve to eat. A man that's honest, sincere, decent and helpful will get his reward some day. Sure, animals may look pretty, but only when they're useful. A cow that don't give milk ain't a cow, a horse that don't work ought to be slaughtered. A hen that don't lay eggs ain't worth keeping. With animals you take your choice, it's easy. You keep the useful ones, you punish the lazy ones by leaving them free. Wild animals are no good at all, because they only do damage and fight among themselves. Men are decent deep down, except Adolf and his gang, they ought to be shot because they're trying to gyp everybody. They all want to get rich and that's what makes them join the party. You think they really hate the Jews? No sir, they just want their loot. And the Aryan Law gives them the excuse they want. An honest man don't need politics, he'll get what's coming to him. (Barth looked forward to getting rid of Wohlbrecht soon, and thought of the deer, rabbits, birds, and foxes whose acquaintance he would soon make.) When I was a kid, Wohlbrecht went on, I once spent a couple of months at my grandmother's. One day there was a knock at the door; it's a soldier pointing a gun at us, it's Good Friday and he says: Hide me quick, grandma, I've deserted. If they catch me, I'll get three years. Give me your gun first, says my grandmother. The soldier was so surprised that the old woman wasn't scared of him that he handed over his gun. That's fine, she said, and now I'll give you a bite to eat. When the soldier had eaten, she gave him a slug of home-made schnapps that almost blew him up the chimney, and then another—and then he fell asleep. Then she went to the police and reported that a deserter was hiding in her place.

They took the deserter away the same afternoon, and for a reward my grandmother was exempted from the dog tax as long as she lived—because she was honest and decent. That's how it is. She wouldn't have done what I done. Of course that wasn't a matter of life and death. I take after her in some ways, but not in others. When I give somebody my word of honour, it's sacred. But not so long ago I had a dream, not a very nice one: I'm in the cellar chopping wood and all of a sudden the door opens and in jumps a wolf. What's a wolf doing in the cellar? I ask like a dope. But he doesn't say a word, he sniffs and pokes in my pockets and grabs me by the throat. And he didn't find a groschen. That dream sure wasn't pretty. But it isn't pretty in the hospital either. When our regiment had to pull back from Ypres, we dug in. And on the third day—we were beginning to enjoy ourselves—we had to move up. Me and my buddies are lying in the trench. And then the death knell rings. Gas. We run like crazy, but you couldn't see with those gas masks, you ought to try it some time. So I'm running and what do I see but my best buddy, stretched out at my feet like in the song, a piece of shrapnel has just gone through his neckbone. I pick him up but he's so heavy he bowls me over and the others think we're dead and run right over us. I couldn't yell with the gas mask on. Then a bombardment starts up, all I can see is smoke, and when I try to get up, a rifle butt hits me and I pass out. When I come to, I'm in the hospital. And who's right next to me? My buddy. He wasn't dead at all, just pretending. Nothing wrong with his neckbone. The Frogs were already in the trench when he carried me out of it. It's hard to believe but my good nature saved my life, though it's not much comfort to me right now, it's getting too damn steep and my back hurts. See what I mean? Wohlbrecht took a short rest. He was exhausted from talking and climbing. He was nearly there, but the last few steps were twice as hard. His belly grew heavier with every step, his good leg was a dead weight, not to mention his wooden one. Wohlbrecht was on the point of collapse, but a man who has lived through Ypres doesn't let any Schafsrücken get him down. Barth had to be entertained, and Wohlbrecht, with gnashing teeth, entertained him: And even suppose the war is over, what good does it do you? Then comes a Third World War and a fourth and fifth, till there's nothing left but plant lice and ticks. That's why I didn't mind the war much, because a war that's on can't break out. Right? But my kind always winds up all right, even if I had to turn into a plant louse. And you'll wind up all right too, Toni, take my word for it. When the war is over, we'll go and see an uncle of my mother's, quick before the third one breaks out, he lives in our village. Yes, he's still there. He's not a celebrity, so nobody knows about him, but believe me, he knows a thing or two. I never mentioned him because your father was a doctor and I didn't want to hurt his feelings; but my mother's uncle, you'll be amazed, his cures never fail. He's a magician. After the war your father can buy another car, or they'll give him one on account of all he's been through, and then, oh boy, we'll take a nice trip, a real nice trip.

My sister can come along with us, and Alois, and my daughter-in-law too, for all I care, and the grandchildren, and even my boys. We'll make two trips if we have to. We'll get there in the afternoon. In our village there's wine like no place else in the world, I'm not making this up. My mother's uncle will be ready. He'll be waiting for us.

When we come to get you that night, you'll come running out to meet us. That'll be the day. We'll throw a party, I don't mind if we invite the whole village, such things don't happen every day, and why shouldn't all of them have some fun? I personally will order the dinner, I know something about it, when I order the *Salzburger Nockerl,* believe me, you've never tasted anything like it. Because I know the ropes.

And next day, that'll be a Sunday, we'll all go to the Prater and take a look at the midgets, the cute little dwarfs, I've been looking forward to them a long time. In wartime the midgets always disappear, same as happened in the first war, but when the war is over, they shoot out of the ground like lilies-of-the-

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valley, so sweet and pretty, with their tiny little feet and their tiny little hands and their big heads. Like flowers they look. Yes, that'll be the day. You'll be surprised. Do you like midgets?

Wohlbrecht couldn't think of any more just then. Meanwhile they had arrived. It was so pitch-dark that Wohlbrecht couldn't find the hut until he bumped his head against it. Jesus Mary, that's no way to get through a wall. But here we are.

The hut was neat and clean. An army cot, two benches and a table; there was even an iron stove, but no fire in it (who'd keep it going?). With a sigh of relief Wohlbrecht deposited his burden cautiously on the bed. He turned up the wick of the oil lamp. The inside of the hut was cosy—a good hideout for lovers.

Wohlbrecht wrapped Barth in the blanket, undid the urine receptacle, and emptied it outside the door.

Barth was tired and very hungry from the fresh air. Wohlbrecht cut sausage and some bread that he took out of his own pocket, and fed him until he had had enough. Barth looked so contented that Wohlbrecht became suspicious. He sliced a loaf of bread and laid a thick coat of butter on each slice. (That's always nourishing.) Then he opened two cans of sardines and put them on the bench, and next to them a jar of cherries, the last, and a can of sauerkraut (for when he was really hungry). He moved the bench close to the bed. He watched Barth the whole time. Barth still seemed to be smiling. He didn't like that smile. You don't smile in a situation like this. It's indecent. May I have your glasses? And he took the glasses from Barth's eyes. You don't need them in here and my eyes hurt from the snow. He put on the dark glasses. Now he could see Barth's eyes but Barth couldn't see his. He didn't like that look in Barth's eyes one bit. He looked downright happy. Wohlbrecht's stump turned cold. He couldn't leave just like this, without a few words of farewell. But at the moment nothing occurred to him. Outside it was growing light. In the silence a monotonous buzzing could be heard. Planes flying home, he said, but they haven't accomplished a damn thing, except maybe killed a few people and blown up a few houses. Planes are no use in a war. War is in the blood, not in houses. The fewer limbs a man has, the less blood he has and the less he gets out of war. You and me and Alois, we'll always belong together. We're a blood brotherhood. The brotherhood of the sick, the crippled and paralysed. Some day we'll run the world. Health is a menace, what does it lead to? Lunacy and crime. But we shall inherit the earth. Someone like me with a foot missing can get to be a cabinet minister, someone with two feet and a hand missing can become a prime minister, but someone with everything paralysed like you will be king. That's sure to be true. You'll be king because you've only got a head and nothing else. Be a good boy now. With the best of intentions, he could think of no more consolation.

Through the glasses, though they were dark and he wasn't used to them, he could see Barth's smile and the white of his teeth. He felt more and more uneasy. But now I have to go, he said loudly and firmly, and without turning round he went out of the door.

The bomber squadrons were still passing overhead. It was daylight. They glittered in the sun like silver birds, then they changed colour, turned black, and covered the red disc. The way they fly around, the little angels. Wohlbrecht tried his new glasses against the sun. Dangerous little things, but beautiful too.

He felt the crucifix, it was still in his pocket, but he didn't dare to go back.

They had stopped to rest by the roadside between Burgdorf and Burgfeld. They lay in the hay and it was noon. A hot day. They ate with zest and drank themselves happy because they had lived through the night.

From schnapps and fatigue Wohlbrecht fell asleep. Alois didn't mind. When he felt like talking, he didn't need any listeners. But he made a try, because he really liked it better that way. Hermann, don't sleep, I want to tell you something. Excuses, grumbled Hermann in his sleep. Alois didn't insist and went on by himself. He had taken off one sock and seemed to be looking for something:

When the war is over, I'm going to Transylvania, that's a part of Rumania. I forget the name of the town, but a friend of mine lives there, Karl, you know Karl, he told me about him, this Professor Antonelu. He's no quack, he's a real doctor, he knows his stuff. And he's going to cure me. Antonelu studied with Professor Mückenpelz. Remember that name. But Mückenpelz is retired and lives in Bonn or Berlin, some place like that, he's given up his practice. That's a shame, but it doesn't matter. Because Antonelu studied with him. His last student. Which means he knows what he's doing. They say he does it with saltpetre. How, I don't know. He makes you inhale it and exhale it, but not too much and not too little. Trip to Transylvania can't cost much. It's only a stone's throw. Saltpetre is good for the nerves and the falling sickness comes from the nerves. I know that much. It comes from excitement. You get so excited you fall down. Worry does it too. And being scared.

But the saltpetre quiets your fears and, Karl says, you feel better after the very first treatment, after the second and third the fits don't last so long, and after the twelfth, Karl says, you're cured. The whole thing costs maybe a thousand schillings. That won't be any money after the war. Because once the war is over, once we've lost it for good, we'll get to be rich here. The Yanks will be so terrified of the Russians they'll throw money at us to make us scared of the Russians too. The money will be lying around in the streets in Vienna, you'll see. A thousand schillings isn't much now, but later on it'll be chicken-feed. Once I'm cured, your sister'll come back too. Want to bet? Because I won't have no more fits then and we'll have children. It was hard before but it'll be all right after. You'll be surprised. When we have children we'll get along the way we used to, but no better, when...

The loud engine sounds woke up Wohlbrecht.

Jumping Jesus, he cried, they'll fly right up my ass. A burst of machine-gun fire beat down like rain on the tin roof, and by

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the time Wohlbrecht cried 'Cover!' Alois was dead. Hit right in the back of the head. The blood gushed like a geyser. Alois, Alois, Wohlbrecht yelled, thinking he was still asleep. Alois, where'd it get you? Alois didn't move. Alois, don't pretend, say something. Alois said nothing. It was so still he could hear a beetle scratching in the hay.

Far and wide not a soul was in sight. Even the birds seemed to be asleep. Only the blood kept on flowing. Everything else was dead. It was like the day of the Creation, windless and empty.

How am I going to tell my sister? And the police? Who'll believe me? Half asleep, with cramps in the stomach, Wohlbrecht looked at the blood in the hay. He couldn't believe it, and kept turning back to look at it again and again. The silence made him sick, fear clutched his stomach. Giddy-up, he suddenly shouted like a madman, and as though pursued by swarms of enormous grasshoppers, he drove in a frenzy until he came to the city.

Dripping with sweat, he stopped at the hospital.

Two orderlies—Poles of all things, he couldn't understand a word—threw a sheet over Alois and carried him to the morgue. Like a sleepwalker Wohlbrecht followed them with Alois's coat and hat. They wouldn't let him into the morgue. He stood there, rubbed the water out of his eyes, and stamped his wooden leg. So long, Alois, so long and goodbye, he cried without a sound.

Outside the gate he walked with lowered head, whispering it's not possible, not possible, started off in the wrong direction and had to go back again . . . Instead of Barth it got Alois. It's all the same, he whispered. Two in one day, two in one day. Two at once.

A little girl followed him. What time is it, please? she asked. Two at once, can it be? Please, what time is it? The child asked more loudly.

Now what do they want of me?

What time is it, please? An uncontrollable rage took hold of him and he gave the child a clout that sent her reeling into the fence. Ask somebody else, can't you see I'm in a bad mood?

Too frightened to cry, the little girl slunk away.

Wohlbrecht climbed up in the hay and drove over the bumpy cobblestones to Nutschliggasse. I've buried not one but two at once. All because I'm goodnatured. Who needs it? he asked the horse and slung the feed bag round his neck. Then he unhitched him.

Towards noon he was wakened by a thudding and pounding. Someone at the door, trying to get in. In a sweat of fear Barth shouted something unintelligible, it sounded like a Tibetan horn. His shout had no effect on the intruder. The thudding and pounding grew louder. then the door burst open. In the doorway stood a stag. He looked about, sniffed the air, then looked at Barth. For three seconds they stared at each other, each afraid of the other. Barth had no time to scream. The stag lowered his head and charged the bed like a bull. The flimsy wooden cot caved in. Then he drew back and charged again. He flung Barth against the wall. Four times in quick succession. Barth felt agonizing pain, as if every fibre in his body had been torn. It would have killed anyone else, but the exact opposite happened to Barth. In his fear of the next onslaught, he felt his lids closing and opening, opening and closing. At the last blow he sat huddled in the corner, his hands raised to protect his head. When the stag, after tossing over the benches and the table with all the food, went trotting out of the door, Barth stood up and took a few steps. He counted the steps, one, two, three, watched his knees bend, stood still, shook his body and stepped out through the door. He stood outside the hut in the small clearing, turned his head from side to side, and moved around in a circle. He held out his arms and hands, opened and closed his fingers. He made little dance steps, opened and closed his hands, bent his torso in all directions. It soon became too hot for him in his woollen cap, lined raincoat, and three pairs of trousers. But he couldn't stop. A demon had got into him. He danced and spun in a circle, hopped, jumped and sang. He liked the sound of his voice in his ears, he was out of breath. He laughed until the tears came, he cried and kept on going around in circles. After ten minutes he dropped, completely exhausted, and fainted. Some deer, a fox and two squirrels that had watched the mad performance unobserved, now ventured out and sniffed him. A deer licked the salt sweat from his face. The fox scraped and scratched at his leg with one paw, one of the squirrels ran back and forth on top of him. It was high noon. From high overhead, the sun cast bright stripes across the pine-needle floor of the clearing. It now stood directly over Barth. A flitting ray struck his closed eyes. Barth awoke and stood up as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The animals ran away. He looked around him. The door of the hut was still open, he looked in, everything was topsy turvy. Then he believed it at last. It wasn't a dream but a miracle. But whom could he tell? Whom could he tell about it? Wohlbrecht and Alois won't come back. He wouldn't meet any humans up here and he mustn't. Whom could he tell what had happened to him? The deer and the foxes? The cuckoo? He saw a starling hopping about under a tree, looking timidly around. So he told him:

My name is Anton Barth. You don't have to be afraid of me A miracle just happened to me. I can talk, walk, and use my hands. I'm twenty years old. When I came into the world I was nothing but a head. All my life I couldn't do anything but breathe, now I can talk. I can talk. Incredible. I can talk. See how I can move my fingers. I can bend down too. Barth bent down and picked up a stick. It's so easy. It's natural for other people. But not for me. For me everything is a miracle. I am Anton Barth, totally paralysed, given up by every doctor in the world. Hopeless, they said. I was born with nothing but a head the rest was useless. The rest of me was a rotten, dried-up nut. I could only scream and stammer. All I had was thoughts and mouth and eyes, If my parents could see now. But it's too late They're gone. You should have known my parents. In the last few years trouble made them religious. My father is a doctor

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From Odessa. All his life he was an atheist. When the specialist from New York gave me up, they sent for the wonder-working rabbi of Kishinev, he came in an aeroplane. The New York doctor was interested in me as a medical case-history, he wanted my head for his university. The rabbi said to my mother: a child like yours won't have an easy time of it; in other respects he is sound. May the Almighty protect him. Then he went back to Kishinev.

Even at birth I was an embarrassment to everybody, especially my parents. My relatives didn't know whether to congratulate my parents, whether it was the right thing to do; they didn't even insist on having me circumcised. It didn't matter in my case.

I was a sensation in the papers. People made bets about me. Can Barth's head live another twenty-four hours? At first the doctors said four hours at the most. The bets ran to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Some of the bettors were wiped out. But I lived.

When I was five, my neck grew, when I was six, my shoulders, when I was seven, my right and left arm; by the time I was nine I had hands. Barth has hands, the newspapers screamed. They sold standing room outside my windows. But then things happened quickly; within eight months my body, legs and feet grew. On my twelfth birthday they put out special editions in my honour. Just three words: BARTH IS COMPLETE. There was a scandal. Nobody believed my parents and nobody believed the doctors either, and the papers began to insult each other. Nobody was willing to believe I could really be complete.

A certain Hermann Wohlbrecht, a veteran from the first war with a wooden leg, a skilled carpenter who earned a living doing small repairs, became my nurse. He had to look after me day and night. Yes, I was complete, all right, but all there was of me was paralysed. This morning Wohlbrecht went away. I don't think he'll come back.

But I don't need him any more, I'll stay up here, I like it here. Wohlbrecht has done his share. He saved my life.

The starling had long since flown away. Barth didn't mind. He could walk back and forth and he could talk. Nothing else mattered.

Barth began to straighten out the hut. He counted the edibles and put them in the crate. There wasn't much, but if he was careful he could make it last for three or four weeks.

Wohlbrecht stood before the mirror, getting ready. Everything depended on his appointment with Hochrieder. He had brushed his good suit, sewn on two missing horn buttons, and polished his shoe. This was the big day. He was impressed by his masterful face in the mirror. He thrust out his chin and stroked his cheeks. The slightest trace of beard stubble upset him. He found three hairs under his chin and shaved them off. He was pleased with himself. Then he discovered a bump at the hair line, the size of a pigeon's egg. The bump has to go. He'd got it last night from bumping into the hut. That bump could give him away. He took a broad, flat knife and pressed. At the same moment he felt the bump in the back of his head. He slapped the back of his head and as if by magic it reappeared on his forehead, though not at the same spot, but more in the middle. He was getting impatient. He applied the knife again—the bump disappeared again, but this time it cropped up over his right ear. What the hell, said Wohlbrecht. He pressed again with the knife and instantly felt the bump on the nape of his neck. I'll never get rid of it. He was in a bad mood. He hated little blemishes. Bumps, pimples, scratches, scabs upset him. He had no patience with them. It wasn't vanity. No, I'm not vain, he said to himself. But he just couldn't stand such things. A wooden leg is still a leg, but a face with blemishes isn't a face. In a face everything's got to be right. That's how I happen to feel about it. Wohlbrecht pressed down with the knife once again, now the bump was on the top of his head. I guess I'll just have to keep my hat on, he said to himself. He had an uneasy feeling: it's a bad omen. But I'm not asking him for any presents. He ought to thank me. What's 4,000 schillings? After the war it'll be worth twice as much, but after the war maybe it won't be there any longer. Speculation means taking chances. Money is money, even if it's only paper. In a war houses get blown up every day. An air raid could cost him his last remaining hope for a secure old age. Here's what I'll say to Hochrieder. (Wohlbrecht had just found a couple of hairs in his ear and was busy pulling them out. Roots and all, hairs are parasites.) He yelled at himself: the apartment is ideally located. You'll never find a better buy. First the money, then the papers. You're in luck. I could have sold it for twice the price, but I like you. We'll be neighbours after all. I can't stand disagreeable people in the same building. Here's the deed of gift, all signed and sealed by a lawyer. A pure Aryan, naturally. And now the advance. For the other two thousand I'll take your note. Because I trust you. An old party member like you, Herr Hochrieder, wouldn't swindle anybody. To me your note is as good as cash. Six rooms, kitchen, den, and two bathrooms, all furnished. Where would you find anything like it? And it belongs to me. A gift in return for years of faithful service. The owners won't be back, don't worry. Two thousand schillings down and it's yours. The note, too, if you please. Good. Here are the papers. No, thank you, I never touch a drop in the daytime. Oh well, if you insist, your health. Well, good luck. Even the gas bill has been paid in advance. The Jews would call it a *metsiah*. And now, Heil Hitler, Herr Hochrieder.

The speech was just right, Wohlbrecht thought. He put on his hat and his loden coat, pinned on his party badge, and hobbled down the four storeys, greeting everyone he met with a loud 'Heil Hitler' just to get in some practice.

Hochrieder was a man of power. He sat at his desk beneath an enormous picture of Hitler and played with a pencil. He was a tall man with blue eyes and black hair parted in the middle. For his interview with the war veteran he had put on his S.A. uniform. On the left side of his chest gleamed the golden swastika of the old party militant. By trade a beer-hall

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owner, in his spare time an amateur boxer, he sat there with freshly powdered pink cheeks, for all the world like the Roi Soleil receiving a courtier. He was forty-five, exempted from military service. As Ortsgruppenleiter and owner of twelve houses and four bars, with connections reaching up to the Gauleiter, he was at the zenith of his career. This crippled worm facing him had taken the trouble to make him a present of the deed of a Jew's apartment. The papers were first class, the deed of gift attested and notarized, he estimated the value at 9,000. Surprised that Hochrieder didn't ask him to take off his hat and coat (did I come here to ask for information? No, I came here to do business), Wohlbrecht couldn't squeeze out a word.

Hochrieder put down his pencil and said in a deep voice: So the name is Wohlbrecht? He made a note. Wohlbrecht couldn't bear to have anyone write down his name. He would have liked nothing better than to burn every single piece of paper that had his name on it.

Oh, yes, the apartment. May I see the papers again? Wohlbrecht took them from his inside pocket. Hochrieder glanced through them, leaned back in the chair, and seemed to be studying a particular point closely. He even lit the desk lamp. Wohlbrecht began to feel chilly. After three minutes Hochrieder put the papers aside and spoke: Everything seems to be in order. What are you asking?

Wohlbrecht started right in on his rehearsed speech, whispering it almost word for word:

The apartment is ideally located. You won't find such a buy these days. I could have sold it for twice the price but I like you. Six rooms, kitchen, den, two bathrooms, and all magnificently furnished. Where would you find anything like it? The former owners won't be back, don't worry.

Hochrieder disclosed a thin smile.

About the owners, Herr Wohlbrecht, if I'm not mistaken ...

Wohlbrecht, breathed Wohlbrecht.

They haven't emigrated, I hope?

No, no, it's all in order. Deported, not emigrated. Nothing to worry about.

Worry? Hochrieder fixed the worm with a stare. So it's all in perfect order. Just one question: Did the Jews have any heirs, successors, children?

Wohlbrecht knew that Hochrieder only asked questions when he knew the answers. One son, he admitted, totally paralysed.

And he is where?

He's gone too.

Where did you say he was?

He's just gone.

I'm asking you for the last time, Herr Wohlbrecht, where is the son?

In the St Veith Insane Asylum, in the section for incurables, that is, he isn't there any more. I delivered him in person.

Hochrieder thought out loud: St Veith Insane Asylum, section for incurables. Good. One hundred per cent Jewish. Very good. That calls for immediate special treatment, does it not?

What do you mean, special treatment? Wohlbrecht was nobody's fool. He'll be liquidated and quick.

Exactly, exactly, said Hochrieder. They call it special treatment. A technical term. So far, so good. Hochrieder reached for his wallet. Wohlbrecht sighed with relief, though he was still sweating. Nobody can get the best of me, he said to himself, and looked up with pride at the enormous Hochrieder. Hochrieder came around the table and stood beside him, so that Wohlbrecht reached exactly up to his navel. Wohlbrecht read: my honour is loyalty. Hell, said Wohlbrecht to himself. What crap. Then a hand pulled him up by the collar, and a deep voice said: Here's a hundred marks for your trouble, Herr Wohlbrecht. Take it. He handed him a hundred-mark note. Because I'm a good sort. You understand. The papers stay here. Until further notice you will not set foot in the apartment. Understand? Until you get permission from me. Is that clear? Because you're a disabled veteran I won't throw you down the stairs the way you deserve.

Wohlbrecht became as small as one of his beloved midgets. But his agony was not yet over.

As for young Barth, Herr Wohlbrecht, let me give you a piece of advice for your own good: You deliver him to St Veith within twenty-four hours or you will feel the full force of the German law. Heil Hitler, Wohlbrecht, and by that I mean Heil Hitler you criminal, you enemy of the people.

Then he slammed the door in his face.

Wohlbrecht stood in the corridor and wanted either to drown or dissolve into thin air. Still, he was glad he made it down the stairs and to the street. He was close to fainting. Me, a criminal? Me, Wohlbrecht, an enemy of the people, me who worked like a goddam fool all my life, a criminal? His heart pounded in his throat. Flames shot up before his eyes. He crumpled the hundred-mark note and threw it in the street. A housewife with a shopping bag and turban picked it up. You've lost something, she said and handed him the money. Lost—that's me, Wohlbrecht muttered. The woman refused to be put off. It's your money, Mister. Keep it, Wohlbrecht heard himself say. I make you a present of it, it's your reward for finding it. Then he ran as fast as he could and ordered a triple schnapps. From that day on, things went downhill with Wohlbrecht.

On his way through the Stadtpark the pebbles caught his attention for the first time. At least a hundred times a year you walk by without noticing, and then all of a sudden you see things you never saw before. It's funny. Very peculiar. In fact, there's something fishy about it. Wohlbrecht picked up a handful of pebbles and sat down on a bench. Summer was coming on and the park was full of all sorts of riffraff. He'd never noticed that, either. Look at all the soldiers (but that's on account of the war, and look at all the children, all orphans?) and all these old people. The benches are all full of them. And all these men minus an arm or a leg. What's going on in this park, anyway? And where do all the cops come from? The All Saints procession was over long ago.

He threw the first pebble at a passing policeman. The police-

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man turned round, he threw another and another. At the next policeman who came by he threw a whole handful. What do you think you're doing? the policeman shouted at him.

Can't you see? Wohlbrecht asked and threw a second handful at the uniform. The people looked. Cut the nonsense, said the policeman. Wohlbrecht refused to be intimidated and threw another handful. The onlookers were delighted at the disturbance. It can't hurt you, said Wohlbrecht, so what are you getting excited about? You're a skeleton, nothing hurts a skeleton. A woman shook her head. He's nuts, she said in a fright, and snatched her child away. The people passed on—even the policeman didn't want to get mixed up with a lunatic. But Wohlbrecht had enjoyed the commotion. He threw a larger stone at the head of the next passer-by (because of that dirty look on his face), and hit him in the eye. The man let out a scream, the policeman turned round and came back. A crowd gathered.

Come along with me, said the policeman.

You skeleton, you miserable skeleton, Wohlbrecht bellowed at him. Go ahead and arrest me but I won't confess anything. I got witnesses. What do you think you're doing? You think I'm crazy? Wohlbrecht was led away by his sleeve, a crowd followed as far as the exit. Several times Wohlbrecht turned and bellowed at the people: You skeletons, you rattlebones. Go on, keep your bones together. Anybody can rattle. I'll show you. And he rattled the change in his pocket. That's how it's done. See. And his hand could be seen moving up and down in his pocket. The impression was misleading. A woman covered her eyes and said 'Filthy pig.' A youngster of maybe seventeen shouted: That's not the way you do it.

I'm telling you for your own good, said the policeman, don't start a riot. Clear out of here quick, or I'll have to run you in.

I'm not starting any riot, I'm just telling the truth. Take it from me. You're nothing but bones, the whole lot of you. You can't fool me. I know a skeleton when I see one. I got one of my own. Up on the mountain. I won't tell you where. But take it from me. I got one, except he's better looking than the whole lot of you. Let me go now, I'm in a hurry. And Wohlbrecht tried to make off.

He ought to be in the Steinhof nuthouse, someone said, and blocked his way. Beat it, cried the policeman. Move along, folks. No rioting.

But the people were already standing several rows deep. Some said in a loud whisper: They've arrested a spy. It's not a spy, said an old woman, it's a Jew. Jew bastard, cried someone standing on tiptoes in the outermost row. Shoot the dirty Jew. You've owned the park long enough, another voice chimed in. Sex-fiend! Jewish swine! Murderer! Jewish swine! The excitement was general, everyone was trying to push forward. Children cried, women screamed. With a roar of: Where's the kike, I'll show him, a soldier pushed forward. Look at this, friends. He tore open the jacket of his uniform, pointed at a scar on his chest and bellowed: A lousy Russian Jew did that with his bayonet. The scar, which had not fully healed, looked like a cancer. Hand him over, I'll finish him off, I'll do it with my left hand. The policeman had to protect Wohlbrecht. Move along, ladies and gentlemen, he's just a poor idiot. Then he ought to be in Steinhof, came an indignant voice. Even when the soldier saw that Wohlbrecht wasn't a Jew, he didn't calm down. Who ever saw a Jew in Styrian hunting clothes and a wooden leg? It's not impossible, though. To be on the safe side, he shouted: You lousy scum, I'm a front-line soldier, see, you dirty slacker. What's the idea of acting like a Yid? Wohlbrecht looked around timidly and started to leave. No use fooling with a mob. Miserable skeletons, he grumbled to himself. But since no one could understand him, the crowd drifted away. Only the soldier stood there with his bare torso and a few of the people stayed to feel his scar.

From the park Wohlbrecht went straight to Praterstrasse (to quiet his nerves). Her name was Frieda, she was twenty-two and on the skinny side. Wohlbrecht couldn't abide fat women. Frieda was always in need of bread and meat coupons, because she wouldn't sign up for Labour Service. She didn't work for money, she worked for a pound of bread or half a pound of pork—she accepted either, but no money. Wohlbrecht knew Frieda from previous visits, but the girl had got so thin she was no longer attractive, and after a few minutes Wohlbrecht was sick of the whole business. Lying on top of Frieda it was only natural he should think of skeletons, and instead of calming down, he only grew more frantic. He longed for a Turkish bath and put his clothes on. Frieda dressed too, she didn't like Wohlbrecht any more. She had no use for men that just came to play around. With her it was all or nothing. Nor could she stand men who came to her in a bad humour. I'm not getting paid to cheer people up. I'm not a circus clown, those were her principles. Cheerful men and men with meat coupons were what she liked best. Looks and age she didn't care about. She even took drunks—but only if they were cheerful. What's the matter with you today? Frieda asked. Has your baby died?

Wohlbrecht didn't like that question. What does she mean by that? Oh, Toni Barth.

No, said Wohlbrecht. He's just fine. And he eats like a horse. Yes, he's fine. I'm not worried about him, he's got his belly full. Oh yes, Toni is fine. He's coming along fine. They almost caught him, but Wohlbrecht won't let them take his Toni away. When the Gestapo burst in—When? asked Frieda in terror. Oh, the day before yesterday. Ha, you didn't know. Five of them burst in. But do you think they found him? No sir. In Wohlbrecht's place you don't find what you're not supposed to. I know a thing or two, don't kid yourself. I've made him a hiding place in the attic, every time I smell trouble—and I've got a good nose for it—I tote him upstairs. I'm nobody's fool. They can chop off my good left leg before I'd let them take my Toni away. And I wouldn't squeal on him, or sell him, not for anything in the world. They can't bribe me. You know me. I'm just an honest chump. That's the way I am. Oh, if I wanted money I could always sell my skeleton. What skeleton? Frieda asked. Well, my skeleton, said Wohlbrecht,

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the one I got in the woods. Want me to show you some time? Nothing to be afraid of, baby, it doesn't bite. I could easily sell it to the medical school, it's in a beautiful state of preservation. Absolutely fresh. They'd snap it up in a minute. I got good connections at the medical school, I know a professor, Wohlbrecht whispered. I built him a clothes cupboard in '23. Boy, was he smart, you should have seen his books, all over the place he had books, he even had telephone books in the can, and bones and skulls wherever you looked. What do you do with the bones, I asked the professor once.—I use them to study healthy people, he said. He was a card. I'll bet he's still alive, doctors practically never die, because they doctor themselves, a doctor doesn't need a doctor, everybody knows that. No, I'm sure, I forget his name for the moment, he'll buy my skeleton. And if he doesn't I'll give it to you, give you something to play with.

Go away, cried Frieda, livid with fear. What's the matter with you? You're talking nothing but gibberish. Why don't you get me some meat coupons instead? And try to make a little money on the side.

I don't need money, said Wohlbrecht. Money's not my line. I'm all right. They can't do anything to me. In wartime cripples get along fine. They can't make any regulations for us. My leg is buried in Serbia, damned if I know what's become of it, and my lungs are in France, but they're still good enough to cough with. I've left something lying around all over, and like I told you, in the woods I got my skeleton, not my own, I was just talking, it's Toni's.

Go on, said Frieda.

Sure it's Toni's. He wouldn't eat any more, so he starved to death. Serves him right.

But you just told me Toni was eating so much. You were making me envious. Wouldn't you have a couple of coupons for me?

See here, said Wohlbrecht, for a stiff he looks good and healthy. 'Cause he eats all day. You never saw such an appetite. One of these days he'll eat me too. You'll see. Cut it out, said Frieda, you're so pessimistic today. I don't like boring people. Goodbye.

Alone in the hotel room, Wohlbrecht didn't know what to do with himself. He walked around in circles, but it made him dizzy—he decided to go to the Turkish baths, but put it off till the next day. The Turkish baths won't run away. He had more important things to do. He opened the window. Then he took his hunting knife out of its sheath and began to disembowel all the feather pillows. He poured the contents into the street. Then he smashed the mirror, knocked over the lamps with a chair, tore the legs off the table, which was easy, smashed the bed and bedside table into kindling, and was about to set fire to the whole lot when two men broke down the door, and after a struggle pulled the madman's hands behind his back.

They almost wrenched his arms out of their sockets. Wohlbrecht screamed. He had foam at his mouth, so much foam they could hardly understand him. Let go, let go, you bastards, I got to get to the cabin. Quick, let me go this minute, before it's too late. He can't help it. That's what his parents wanted. That's the way they wanted it. I've got to get him. I'll put him in the attic. Nobody'll find him. He's so quiet, how can anyone find him?

Shut up, you bum, look at the mess you've made. I can't even sue a nut like him. Call that justice?

The hotel owner refused to be appeased until Wohlbrecht, with his hands and feet tied, was taken away in the ambulance.

'Inmates are strictly forbidden to smoke, spit, whistle, sing, make noise, swear, or urinate except in the proper place. Heil Hitler.' For the management of the St Veith Insane Asylum. (Signed) Professor Mückenpelz, Director.

The moment Wohlbrecht read this sign, he sobered up.

Especially the name Mückenpelz gave him a twinge.

Beg leave to report, Herr Professor, shouted Wimper—Dr Wimper—Group B Squad 3 and first Group F reporting for roll-call. Professor Mückenpelz saluted and passed down the line of inmates. That's no way to stand, my friend, he said to an elderly corpulent man: stomach in, chest out, that's better. Thank you. And you, what do you call that, standing there with one hand in your pocket—it's unattractive, don't you agree? All right, then. The inmate he had addressed snapped to attention. Much obliged, said Mückenpelz.

Then he stood facing the men, folded his arms, and delivered his morning sermon: My friends. My topic for today is: the importance of community spirit in our institution. It has come to my attention that one of you, I prefer not to mention any names, I'm not even saying he is a member of your group, has been spreading rumours. The story has been going round—and believe me, it has no foundation whatsoever—that a disproportionate number of patients at St Veith's are dying a violent death. Gentlemen, please, take my word for it that is an untruth, not to say a lie. What we call special treatment in this institution—is just that. The patient is subjected to a special treatment to make him recover more quickly. The treatment is based on a new drug which I myself have introduced here. In only a few hours' time amazing results are registered. Sometimes, in fact, it takes only a few minutes. Most of the patients react splendidly and an average of approximately sixty-two patients a day are treated with the new drug. If you should observe that a friend or acquaintance has not returned to the dormitory that night, it means that your friend may count himself among the fortunates, for he has been discharged from the institution. Because, due to the shortage of space, we send these lucky men home the very same day. That's cause for rejoicing—aren't all of us dying to get back to our loved ones again?—and not cause for worry. Obviously the patient or patients who spread the rumours about violent death are Communist agents. And in the interest of our community, we will make short shrift of them. And so I wish you good morning and a powerful Heil Hitler. Wimper gave the command and as one man the patients shouted: Heil Hitler.

I thank you, said Professor Mückenpelz. You may fall out, if you please.

Wimper took command: Group B, Squad 3 and first group

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F: Double file. Right face. Forward march. Block leader, take over. To North Barracks. Singing. Get going. The patients sang: When we go marching, out of the gate, Dark-haired girl, stay at home and wait.

Wimper stood at attention. Herr Professor, he said, it's the same thing again. There's only twenty-four of them. How can I meet my daily assignment?

Mückenpelz puffed serenely at an Egyptian-type cigarette, held elegantly between his fingertips. Over the half-lenses of his glasses he cast a smiling look at Wimper, his mortal enemy: In that case you'll make up the deficit from your F group. Good Lord, man, get some sense into you. It's very hard to keep F group up to strength. From a scientific point of view, they are perfectly useless, my dear Wimper, how often do I have to tell you that? Do what you please with them. I give you carte blanche. As long as we have our daily quota of sixty-two.

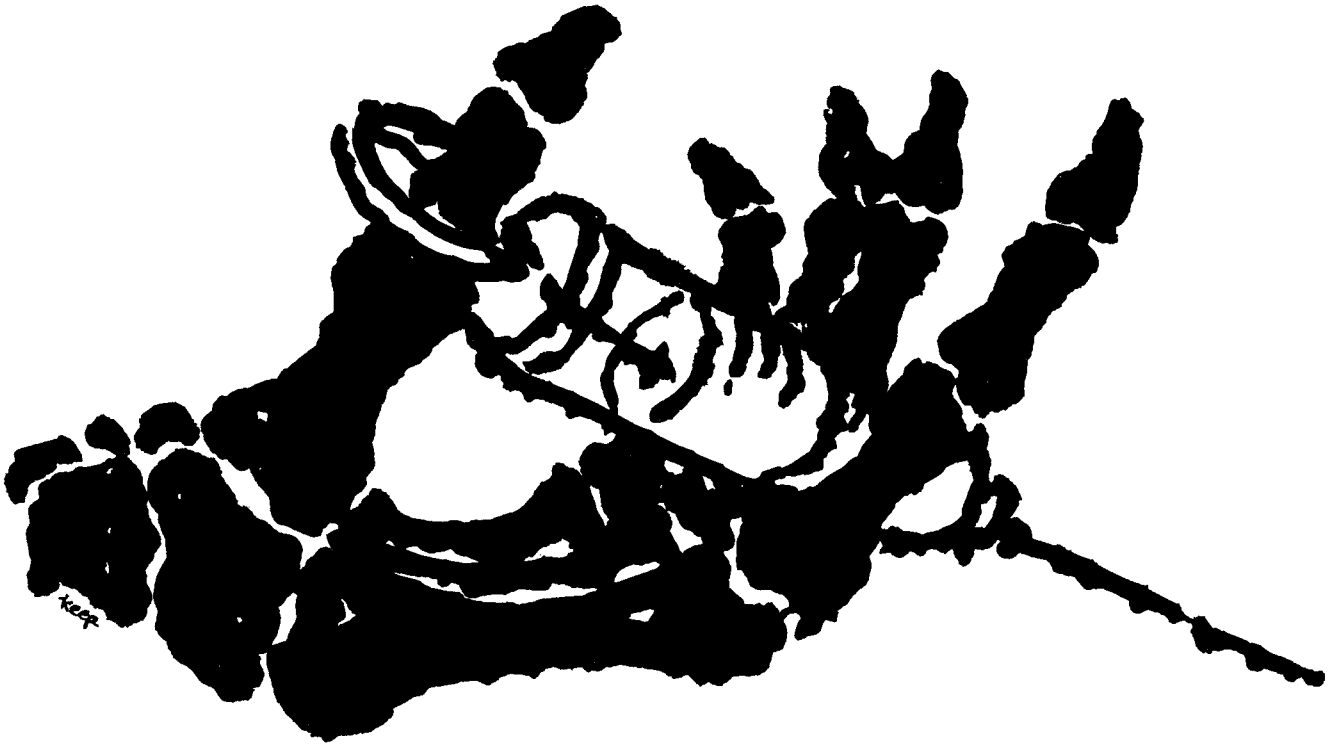
Herr Professor, Wimper stammered, even if I treat every single member of F group, I won't have enough. They'll last me a week at the very most.

Mückenpelz started to leave for his office. This man Wimper was a calamity, mentally inferior to most of his idiots.

Dr Wimper, I have travel orders for you in my desk drawer. I've only got to sign them. Your Jews do not interest me. Do what you want with them. Now I've got work to do. I believe, he looked at his watch, that someone is waiting for me. Heil Hitler, Wimper. Wimper gnashed his teeth and saluted. My day of revenge will come. For him I'll use a gold needle. Heil Hitler, he said, and hurried after his patients, eager to get his daily assignment over with as quickly as possible.

Wimper sat in his shirtsleeves and held his syringe aloft like a sceptre. Strapped to their wheel-chairs, the patients were rolled past him one by one. Cursing his boss in the most obscene terms, he thrust in the needle with practised hand and pumped fresh country air (as he called it) into the patient's carotid artery.

Dressed as an inmate and flanked by two attendants, Wohlbrecht stood facing the great Mückenpelz. He was determined to keep calm. He spoke quickly but not loudly, pausing after each fourth sentence to see if his words were producing the desired effect. First place, second place, third place. In the first place, I don't belong here. Only Toni belongs here. I just wanted to visit him so I asked the porter. He's not here, he told me. Well, if Toni isn't here, I've got no business here, because it was Hochrieder that wanted Toni so I could get my advance. That's in the first place. In the second place, all I said was the skeleton isn't necessarily here, but it might be, because sometimes you don't have any skeleton left, for instance, when the body's burned, but it's different in the woods because they don't burn anything but charcoal there, so even if you don't rot in the woods you've still got to die, unless you can escape through the air, which if we consider all the possibilities is rather improbable. That's the second place. In the third place, and the third is the most important, because it's the last and I always keep the best for last, I earned it honestly, but I wouldn't have



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kept it anyway, because I wouldn't have spent it on myself as long as Toni was alive, because I'm an honourable man and there are some things an honourable man can't do. But if he's not alive or if he lives as a skeleton, naturally that's something else again, and then I'd have—it's not so very much money—after a while I'd have bought myself a little stand in the Prater. I've asked around and it would give me a living after the war. The main thing is the investment, once you've got your stand, the rest is easy. Maybe I would have shown stuffed cobras and other kinds of stuffed animals, like frogs and bats, but with that kind of money I couldn't have done anything bigger. A freak show costs a pile of dough, and fat ladies, razor-blade swallowers and ape-men get their pay by the week. That's the surest way to go broke. Of course once I'd got a good start with the stuffed animals, if I managed right, you don't watch your pennies on the dusting, for instance, but you do when it comes to shopping, yes, sure, if I scraped a little pile together over the years, I could still take on a few midgets, because you can't go wrong with midgets. Your food bill is next to nothing, with two yards of cloth you can make three suits, and the public always goes for midgets, because midgets are something the public likes. In the first place they're cute, and in the second place they're little, besides they're people; that comes as a surprise and people like it. But to get back to my first place, Herr Professor, I wish you could give me an intelligence test, then you'll see that I'm here only by accident and that Hochrieder's to blame for the whole business.

Good, said Mückenpelz. Won't you sit down? He gave the attendants to understand that they could wait outside. Wohlbrecht, whose stump or artificial leg, as he called it, was bothering him, was glad to sit.

But the man is perfectly charming, he thought, all those silly prejudices. That name. Where had he heard it? He couldn't remember. Maybe I just thought it up one day, or maybe I dreamt it. You never can tell. Smoke? To be sociable, Wohlbrecht took an Egyptian-type cigarette, though he only cared for cigars. I have sent for you, Wohlbrecht, because I have confidence in you. The moment you opened your mouth I knew you were an intelligent man, and probably—we'll look into it, of course—you don't belong in this institution. I asked the Gestapo for your record, and received it this morning. You have nothing to fear. The secret state police has nothing against you, you don't have a criminal record either. The fact that you were in the service of a Jewish family for twenty years and that this long exposure to non-Aryan influences might have judaified you—I personally don't give a good goddam about that. As a rule, I put everybody connected with the Jews—regardless of whether he's a Jew or non-Jew—into group F, under the jurisdiction of my colleague Dr Wimper. But I have not put you in group F, Herr Wohlbrecht, for the simple reason that I'd hate to do that to you. The Gestapo claims you may have helped the young son of your Jewish employers to escape. That too is a matter of utter indifference to me. For all I care—naturally I'm telling you this in confidence—you did help him escape. But in the interest of my research work, I'd like to keep you here a short time under observation, and for that reason I've put you in the highest class. You've been assigned to group E. E means interesting cases, my dear Wohlbrecht, and you are an interesting case. Wohlbrecht felt really honoured. Group E—my work requires it—enjoys special privileges, and under certain circumstances you may even have a pass. Wohlbrecht couldn't believe his ears. But, my good friend, one good turn deserves another, and this is what I expect of you: first that you give me your full confidence, and secondly—this is a request, mind you, not an order—that you expunge the words skeleton and corpse from your vocabulary. It makes the other inmates nervous and leads to rumour-mongering. You will be doing me a big favour.

He liked the professor more and more. He was almost as friendly, if not even friendlier, than the one he had made the clothes cupboard for in 1923. Thank you, said Wohlbrecht. It all suits me fine, especially that part about the passes. Only to tell you the truth, I really do have a rotting corpse in the woods. But between you and me, Professor, Wohlbrecht leaned over the table and whispered, I just say hocus-pocus and the corpse comes to life. I say a quick double hocus-pocus and he stands up and shakes my hand. If I want to make him dead again, I do it with a simple wave of the hand. Like this. And he's dead again. I'm not a magician, but I know a few tricks. But that's just between you and me.

Well said. Mückenpelz took a fresh cigarette. Report to South Barracks at exactly two-thirty. That's where the examinations are held. Nobody ever passes them, but they always turn up interesting material.

It was two in the afternoon and Wimper was through with his day's work. Again the day had cost him thirty-eight Jews and Jewish-contaminated individuals. If it keeps on like this, I can close up shop. He hated that Mückenpelz, that Prussian shithead, like Satan himself. It's an outrage, the things that man does. First that crap about his schedules that nobody can make head or tail of, and now his shitty reports. The bastard.

These lousy Prussians, always finding something to classify, organize, write reports about. Now what scientific purpose do these observations serve? The first sighs, the second giggles, the third cries, the fourth whines. Once the air has gone in, nobody can get it out again. An enemy of the people, a parasite, has got the needle, that's all. There's plenty of people in the world. What difference does it make if this guy was a Trotskyite or a renegade, a Socialist or a Freemason? Giving them the needle is no science. We do it because it's necessary and because it safeguards the German blood. And that's that. To hell with the rest.

Wimper didn't like writing reports. In the first place writing had always been torture for him, and in the second place it was a waste of time. If somebody could at least do the writing for him. Then he could have his reports for all I care. But this way it took up the whole afternoon which he would rather have spent in bed with Erika.

Wimper was a Bavarian, he liked the simple life. He wasn't

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stuck up about being a doctor. His father was a doctor, so he had become a doctor, but that wasn't anything to brag about. Most people, and not only here in the insane asylum, are so dumb that a title impresses them. Herr Doktor here, Herr Doktor there. That's a lot of bullshit. In Wimper's opinion being a doctor was the same as being a carpenter, it was a living. He'd rather have been a carpenter, a doctor doesn't make beans unless he comes into a juicy inheritance. Science! Serving your fellow men! Professional ethics! Saviours of humanity! A lot of phrases, cooked up by men like Mückenpelz and mouthed by every fool. Was it professional ethics to pump air into people? But you do it just the same. A doctor isn't always a saviour of humanity. Sometimes he saves a life, sometimes he takes one. That's part of the job. Wimper liked it in St Veith, the salary was satisfactory, the honorary membership in the S.S. came in handy, the exemption from military service was a gift of God. (Women are crazy about uniforms, though actually he only wore his when he went to town on a binge.) But these reports were driving him mad, the reports and that bureaucratic jackass of a Mückenpelz. Every day he thinks up something new; God knows what it'll be tomorrow.

Wimper put the report in triplicate in his briefcase and started off for the South Barracks. Let him have his lousy report, but one of these days I'll throw the whole thing up. I'd like to see his face when I volunteer for the Eastern front. The mere idea gave Wimper the shivers. They didn't even call it the Eastern front any more. They called it a planned withdrawal. Another of Adolf's master plans. That paperhanger is leading us to ruin. First they should have made hash of Moscow, then occupied England, publicly hanged the king, and sent the whole parliament to Dachau. And of course, the national wealth should have gone into munitions, not been piddled away on whores and liquor. An Austrian corporal, trained in Prussian stupidity: that could only lead to disaster. Oh, if we Bavarians had had a real big shot, not just a lousy pervert like Himmler, it would all have turned out different. To conquer the world you need the Bavarian temperament. Gemütlich, but hard as nails. And all done with refinement!

Wimper strode with firm tread towards the South Barracks, saluted by patients on all sides (he was the most feared man in St Veith and the whole vicinity). Erika was waiting for him at the gate on the far side of the yard. She waved and threw him a kiss. He waved back. He wouldn't kiss her though. That was unhygienic. Never mind, she'll get her surprise this afternoon. We'll have a riot, like Munich in October.

Mückenpelz excused himself to Wohlbrecht who sat facing him at a kind of school desk, and took Wimper's report. He glanced through it.

Fuhrmann Eberhard, age 42, widower: Occupation: clerk; politics: Christian-Socialist; trade unionist. Diagnosis: incurable psychopath, Marxist. Admitted: 22/8/1942. Special treatment. Observation: Fuhrmann had sighed and said criminal.

Wimper, my esteemed colleague. You might have gone into a little more detail in your observations. Yes, Herr Professor, as you wish.

For instance. The sick man gazed at me out of mute eyes and begged me to grant a last wish. He said: I beg your forgiveness, Doctor, for having caused you and the Herr Professor so much work. I realize of course that I have unconsciously sympathized with the Bolsheviks all my life, but I tried to keep it secret in the examination. May my death bring happiness and prosperity to Germany.

Something along these lines, Wimper, that's what I should like to have seen, said Mückenpelz. You mustn't forget, my friend, the purpose of my tests is not to provide you with patients for your treatments. I would do that in any case; the purpose is to register a real change in the patient prior to treatment, thus substantiating our theory concerning sub-human enemies of the people, because otherwise, my good friend, our work would be based on a mere hypothesis, and your patient would actually be right. It would be a downright crime against science if a German neurologist were unable to cure a patient's political hallucinations before subjecting him to the final treatment.

I'm sorry, Herr Professor, but I don't understand those things very well. That was God's truth. If Mückenpelz wanted to be a prize idiot, let him, but to expect such lunacy of him, Wimper, was Prussian megalomania.

Wimper, said Mückenpelz, I must ask you to show more understanding for your work. He turned to Wohlbrecht, who had no idea what it was all about, and apologized. Just one moment more, Herr Wohlbrecht. It may interest you, my esteemed colleague, to learn that the Gauleiter has decided to assign a common orderly as your first assistant. But an orderly can't be entrusted with this, Wimper stammered. I'd love to know why not, anybody can give an injection, he wouldn't even need a course in First Aid.

Yes, of course, but this is special treatment, Herr Professor. Something very special.

My dear Wimper, whom are you trying to fool, yourself or me? Special treatment doesn't mean it has to be administered by young doctors who might be more useful on the Eastern front, it applies to the patient, since you oblige me to mention it.

That's not what I meant, Herr Professor, I just meant that these reports ... they seem superfluous. He shouldn't have said it, or he should have said it in some other way. Superfluous, Mückenpelz roared, superfluous? Never in all my life have I demanded anything superfluous. The reports will be written as I order you to write them. Have I made myself clear? Perfectly clear, Herr Professor. May I go now? Just a minute. This patient, his name is Wohlbrecht, is assigned to you until further notice as your assistant; as far as I am concerned, you can use him for sharpening pencils. There's just one thing you are not to use him for, namely, to fill out your daily quota. The man will be useful to you. And now, Heil Hitler. You will be back again at seven. Wimper saluted and about-faced. The scum, the arrogant bastard. And now he wants to put a spy on my tail, that's the limit. Well, he'll be the first to take care of tomorrow. The bastard. He embraced Erika. Why, you're late

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again and you look so angry, she said, taking his arm. What keeps you so busy? Don't ask, said Wimper. Top secret, let's go up to your place now, there'll be time to talk afterward.

Every afternoon at precisely 3.15 you will report to me and let me know if my colleague makes the slightest disparaging remark about me or my work. Understand? I have ways and means of finding out whether you're telling me the truth. Just one lie, Wohlbrecht, and I'll hand you over to the Gestapo. They'll probably send you back here, but you can't be sure. And now let's get to work. He took a few sheets of paper out of a drawer. This test is called the Rorschach, Wohlbrecht, after the Swiss who invented it. Look at this sheet very closely and write what you see on this paper. Every sheet is numbered. From one to ten. You write your observations in a column from top to bottom. It looks like a big ink blot. That's exactly what it is. So now you are to write what you see in addition to ink blots. Are we ready? Start.

Wohlbrecht turned every sheet round ten times and always saw the same thing.

This is what he wrote: 1. Adolf Hitler; 2. The Reich; 3. The Ostmark; 4. Vienna; 5. The Prater; 6. Two midgets holding hands; 7. My best suit; 8. My wooden leg with spikes; 9. Another little midget, but this time in the fat lady's belly; 10. A handle.

Mückenpelz read the answers through and took notes. That was quick, Wohlbrecht. Didn't you get any other ideas looking at the pictures? Wohlbrecht may have been crazy, but he wasn't insane. I can't tell him any cock-and-bull stories. He'll never believe me. Honesty being the best policy he said: I won't deny it, I saw Hochrieder in every blot. That's a little better, my friend, said Mückenpelz. Wohlbrecht congratulated himself on his cleverness and fell into the spirit of the thing. If you have four aces, you play them four in a row, that knocks 'em cold. I saw Hochrieder pulling a knife. Good, Mückenpelz interrupted. I saw him cutting my throat. Very good, Wohlbrecht. And my own skeleton without a wooden leg. Marvellous. Mückenpelz had jumped up with enthusiasm. I congratulate you on your imagination, Wohlbrecht. Excellent. It's almost prophetic. You have confirmed every one of my expectations, Wohlbrecht. Yes, said Wohlbrecht, flattered. I don't lie, I'm always honest. That's how I am. I was born that way. Wohlbrecht was pleased to be getting along so well with the famous man and would gladly have spent the rest of his life chatting with him. I'm an honest soul, all my life I've worked my fingers to the bone. Some people think it's nothing to be minus a leg, the main thing is they didn't shoot your head off. It's easy to talk. But it's not so easy to get along without a leg. It's no life. Always on guard, always worried about falling down. It's torture. It's agony. It's a nightmare. But I put a good face on it. I laugh about it. Actually, I don't laugh at all. You can imagine. It was pretty tough. Day in day out upstairs and downstairs, emptying the chamberpot, emptying the pee bottle. Feeding him. Wiping his mouth and everything else. Making the bed. Reading him stories. Shopping. Taking out the slop jar. Upstairs, downstairs. And every minute: Hermann, the child is calling you. Hermann, the child is bored. Hermann, don't keep telling him those blood-and-thunder stories. The nerve of those people. The way they kept me running. Those ... those Polish Jews. Me, a disabled war veteran. Call that justice? You can't imagine how I hated that whole mishpochah. Nobody can. Nobody but me. And the hypocrisy. They were ashamed, that's what.

With me it was: The poor child, our unfortunate son. With outsiders it was: God has tried us sorely. But when they were alone, when they thought no one was listening, it was: With God's help he won't live much longer. If they said it once, they said it a thousand times.

You expect me to be sorry for such people when they get shipped to Poland? *How can anybody feel sorry!* It's disgusting. It's intolerable. Then they make me a present of the apartment, on one condition. Naturally. Does a Jew ever give you anything for nothing? Take care of our child and the apartment is yours. What could I do? I was cornered. Like a rabbit.

Certainly, I say. You can count on me. And they can, too. What I did is nobody's damn business. It would have been easy at a time like this, now we are finally settling accounts with that Jew-pack, any hospital would have been glad to take him. It didn't have to be your institution. But I'm a man who keeps his word. And what does it get me? I get fleeced and they lock me up in a bughouse. You've got to fear for your life every day. That's the thanks I get. Some justice.

Wohlbrecht felt relieved when he had it all off his chest. Mückenpelz looked at his patient and said as though in passing: That's a fine case of persecution mania you've got there, my dear Wohlbrecht. Nobody's going to hurt you. Your rabid anti-Semitism has wrecked your nervous system. Pent-up hatred isn't good for you. Your vision is completely distorted. Hauptsturmführer Hochrieder—by the way, he inquired about you this morning—did you a big favour. He could have had you put in prison for embezzling national property. Instead, you're here with us and well treated. Maybe I'll even give you special treatment. It depends entirely on you, my good friend.

Special treatment. Wohlbrecht broke out in a cold sweat. Hochrieder had told him what that was. No, no, he cried in terror. Not me.

That depends entirely on you, as I said, entirely on the observations you bring me about Wimper, remember? You will go to Wimper's at seven o'clock and spend the evening with him. Tomorrow at 3.15 you will report to me. I hope you will have something interesting to tell me. He shook Wohlbrecht's hand. And now go see your block leader and tell him to get in touch with me at once. Goodbye and Heil Hitler, Wohlbrecht. It will soon be time for your next test, and meanwhile consider that you are being put through a very special test. It's your big chance. Your persecution mania is curable. Your rabid anti-Semitism is nothing but anarchism. And that is pure Marxism. You'll see how I'll drive that out of you. Mückenpelz disappeared into his laboratory to examine a batch of sex organs pickled in formaldehyde, before sending them on to his

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friend Julius, who was a big man in Franconia. Registered Railway Express. Fragile. Top secret. Not to be opened.

Shaken and none too pleased with his appointment as a spy, Wohlbrecht dragged his wooden leg across the yard.

One good turn deserves another, was Wimper's homespun philosophy. Tit for tat. What's good for you is good for me. At ten to seven on the dot Wohlbrecht was waiting outside Wimper's door. Wimper shared his shack with a dentist. Each had his own living-room and bedroom and his own entrance. Ondula, the dentist, a local man, was a colleague, not a friend. Wimper never discussed anything personal with him, just professional matters; besides, he outranked Ondula. They co-existed in their work and after hours, but avoided each other whenever possible. Glad to see that the lights were out at Ondula's, Wimper gave Wohlbrecht a friendly handshake, and said: So you're reporting for duty? Good. Every Faust needs his Famulus. From now on, you're my Wagner.

Wohlbrecht, by your leave, said Wohlbrecht in a humble whisper. It's all right with me. Six of one, half a dozen of the other. Let's drop the titles, Wohlbrecht. I'm just plain Wimper. What do you like to drink?

Wohlbrecht saw a bottle of cognac, a bottle of wine, and a bottle of schnapps (85 per cent pure spirits) on the table and decided in favour of the wine.

So far he liked espionage. Drink wine, hear what you can hear, give an opinion from time to time; 'report' was a Prussian word that didn't have to be taken seriously. The main thing was to keep sober. Wimper hung his jacket on the door and loosened his tie. He liked this dapper young Bavarian. He had an openness, a warmth that were more after his own heart. Besides, Wimper was young, not even thirty, and not famous. In Wohlbrecht's opinion, he was a nice guy. He was also important enough to be worth getting on the right side of. Sit down, Wohlbrecht, for goodness' sake, what are you standing for, this isn't a funeral.

Wohlbrecht sat down. Got to remember every word, mustn't write anything down. You can be a real help to me, said Wimper, and I'll tell you how: You tell me what the professor says about me, especially threats, it's important to me, and I for my part give you my word of honour that I won't give you the needle. I think that's clear enough. O.K.? Well, prosit. Wimper poured himself some of the 85 per cent.

Wohlbrecht's head was in a whirl. Turning spy twice in one day. Who'd believe it if I told them, and how frank and friendly the guy is. Isn't that something. Each one of them could rub him out without the slightest difficulty, and here they both want to keep him alive. Two life-preservers are better than one, I've just got to play it smart, thought Wohlbrecht. O.K., he said. Wimper poured Wohlbrecht some more wine. As for your work here, I won't be hard on you, because you're a disabled veteran. He liked Wimper more and more. His own son had never been so considerate. In the morning you can clean up, dusting and that kind of thing; when you're done you come in and ask what I need, in the afternoon you help me with the lousy reports for next day. In between you hang around with the professor, let yourself be tested as often as possible, and remember what he says about me. You can have your dinner here. I eat pretty well as a rule. Fried chicken, schnitzel, anything you like. Of course you could get a better meal in any hash-house in Munich, but let's not think about that. And now suppose we have a little heart-to-heart talk.

Have you got a wife? No. Children? Two boys. Both in the Army. I've even got grandchildren. You wouldn't say so to look at me, would you? Trade? I used to be a carpenter, but that was a long time ago.

Are you in the Party?

No, what for?

Right you are.

What do you think of the war? Come on, out with it, you don't have to put it on with me. I wouldn't report anybody. Well?

Not much, said Wohlbrecht.

Wimper poured himself a big slug, gulped it down, and licked the rim of his glass.

In this kind of work you've got to drink, he consoled himself when he began to see stars. Without drinking I couldn't take it. Not much is plenty, said Wimper.

Wohlbrecht, who hadn't felt so good for ages, gestured discreetly in the direction of the cognac bottle. Here today and gone tomorrow. There was nothing like drinking in good company. Prosit. They clinked glasses. Yesterday I was going mad, today I've got two friends. In wartime anything can happen. Wohlbrecht suddenly remembered that his war years had been the best of his life. Mud, hunger, lice—all forgotten. He saw himself and his buddies in the chow line. Even if there was nothing but dried peas, they always found something to laugh about. Civilian life is dismal by comparison. It's every man for himself and God for all of us. Prosit, Kamerad! stammered Wohlbrecht. His tongue was thick and heavy.

I like you a thousand times better than him, oh, go on, you know who I mean. He's trying to provoke me of course, Wimper told himself through his fog, but he's still an idiot. Anybody that gets shipped to St Veith is an idiot. An incurable case. Whether politically or medically, who the hell cares? Anybody that comes through that gate leaves in an urn. Politically or medically, who the hell cares, he said aloud. The main thing is to serve the Reich. A theory without practice is no theory. Of course I don't agree with everything, but will talking get us anywhere? When we say extermination we mean extermination and when we say keeping the blood pure we mean keeping the blood pure. If somebody's got an abscess, you cut it out. Jews and Communists, Freemasons and clergymen, asocial elements and idiots are an abscess. It's got to be lanced.

That's exactly how I feel. I don't give a damn about anybody except Toni and Hochrieder; for him, lancing is too good.

I like you, said Wimper, almost toppling over, let's drink to you and me being pals. They drank to that and kissed each other on the cheeks. Hey, Wimper, said Wohlbrecht, suffused with

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happiness, I've got something for you. You can help me and I can help you. Alois would have done it, but he is dead now. Alois was a good man.

I don't need any men, Wimper gasped, close to delirium. We give them the needle. After the war we'll have a hundred per cent German patent needle, they're working on it already, pneumatic, automatic, with all the trimmings. No sterilizing, no changing. Christ, that'll be the day. I'll pick my own people, Wohlbrecht put in. Cripples, Jews, and squad leaders, and I'll line them up.

Prost, Hermann, Wimper shouted. My name's Georg.

Prost, Georg! Here's to your patent needle. Say, brother, what exactly do you mean by giving the needle?

Before Hitler took over, Wimper explained, it was called by the French name, *'injection'* with a nasal O—like this.

I see, said Wohlbrecht. When I've got them lined up, I give each one a hundred schillings. At the end of the day we round them up again. Anybody that doesn't have his hundred schillings because he's lost them or swallowed them, either way, gets a good kick in the ass. Because dishonesty must be punished. Then I'll send them to you, the whole lousy lot of them.

Every one of them gets the needle, Wimper babbled. That way, they'll stay honest, they won't be led into temptation. Because they'll all have to keep step with Wimper.—Prosit, brother.

The dead and the living are good for just one thing, honesty to the last breath, Wohlbrecht proclaimed as his chin struck the table.

I'm glad we see eye to eye, Kamerad. Wimper threw his arm round his new friend's shoulder. We understand each other, and Muckbug will be the first to get the patent needle in the ass, because he's a bureaucrat, a crumby Prussian bureaucrat. Any damn fool can make up schedules and diagrams, but only a master can handle a syringe like a scalpel. And that's what I am. It's God's own truth.

Heil Hitler to you, Mückenprick,
A needle in your ass I'll stick.
Heil Hitler, Mückenscum, to you,
You'll soon be yellow, black and blue.
We'll get the furnace burning higher
and shove your carcass in the fire.

Wimper sang with all his might and even did a few little dance steps, but he was so weak from drinking and wrought up with hatred of his mortal enemy that he soon collapsed.

A man after my own heart, said Wohlbrecht aloud. Taking a handful of cigars from the box and what was left of the cognac, he left the house.

He had plenty to report.

Wohlbrecht had the time neither to live nor to die. Every day was an intelligence test. He shuttled back and forth between the two of them, reported whatever came into his head, exaggerated, distorted, omitted a word here and there, and said neither more nor less than what was expected of him. And he passed. At Wimper's table he put on almost seventy pounds, got drunk almost every evening, went to bed, on Georg's orders, with a few of the female inmates, although 'such' things gave him no pleasure. On the whole he felt happy, contented, sheltered. Hunger and cold were rampant in the city, in the city sat Hochrieder, just waiting to kick him downstairs, while out here in St Veith he was taken care of; if I do as well in the old people's home, Wohlbrecht pondered, it will be all right with me.

But it couldn't go on like this for ever because all good things come to an end. Slowly but surely the war was coming closer, and one fine day all this would be over. Meanwhile there was plenty to do. Day and night the trucks drove in with new patients. They were picked up in the streets, in restaurants and on park benches, the most dangerous were sent to Dachau or Mauthausen, the less serious cases to St Veith. Instead of sixty-two they now had to handle two hundred a day. It was rough at first, but as time went on (won't the Devil eat flies if he has to?) Wohlbrecht got used to the sight of people dying. He wrote the reports without help from his boss. He knew what Mückenpelz wanted, he wasn't that dumb. Mückenpelz wanted to prove that every single one of the asocial elements delivered to him was secretly and unconsciously a Marxist. That was Mückenpelz's theory, and Wohlbrecht, whose charity began at home and whose own skin meant more to him than that of his Marxists, did what he could to keep Mückenpelz happy.

My good friend, Mückenpelz said to him one day, it looks as if we are going to lose the war. That's in the strictest confidence, of course. Wohlbrecht, who neither listened to the radio nor read the paper, was stunned to hear that the end was so near. Come, Herr Professor, he said, we mustn't lose heart. Our German Wehrmacht will settle Ivan's hash. We did it in the first war, we'll do it again. (I've got to cheer him up.)

Wohlbrecht, said Mückenpelz gravely, the Russians have broken through at Budapest and they can be here any minute. Do you know what that means?

You're a scientist, Herr Professor, they can't do anything to you. Yes, of course, said Mückenpelz smoking nervously, of course I'm primarily a scientist, but I'm also a specialist on Marxism.

Well, so much the better. Wohlbrecht couldn't make out what the Chief Idiot, as he had taken to calling him under his pal's influence, was driving at.

I've just had a little idea. Mückenpelz gave him a sharp look over his half-lenses. Wohlbrecht felt very uncomfortable. When you were first brought here there was some talk about a certain young Jew you helped to escape. It just occurred to me in passing that that young man might be useful to us.

That's all history, Herr Professor Mückenpelz; in the first place young Barth was paralysed and couldn't have lived through the war, he was dead the second or third day, I'd swear to that, and in the second place the young man doesn't belong

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to us, as you put it so politely, he belongs to me. But why all the excitement? Quite a few people have died around here in the last few years, one Jew more or less can't do nobody any good. You don't understand these things, Wohlbrecht. One Jew can help a great deal. To have saved even one individual would be proof positive that we were not guided by feelings of hatred in the performance of our work. Personally, I haven't much to fear, especially in regard to Jews, I left them to Wimper. I know he's saved up a couple of hundred of them, but that, said Mückenpelz with a sly laugh, won't do him a bit of good. Still, you never can tell. Just to be on the safe side, I'd like you to tell me where you hid that Jew. Out with it.

Aw, Herr Professor. Young Barth's been dead for ages, and even if he were alive he couldn't say a word. He was paralysed and dumb.

Mückenpelz laid a Mauser on the table. Where is he, Wohlbrecht, that's all I'm asking you. In Eberstal, Herr Professor, on the Schafsrücken, on the highest peak, you cross the river and turn off to the right.

Thanks for your kind information. Goodbye and Heil Hitler. Mückenpelz put on his hat and coat and left the room. Wohlbrecht was crushed. The damn Prussian, first he takes my freedom for three years, and now he wants to defile my skeleton.

The guns could already be heard roaring when Wohlbrecht burst into Wimper's office like a hunted beast. A large, powerfully built man lay on the wheel chair in front of Wimper, screaming his lungs out.

Shut up, said Wimper. What's the matter, Hermann? But he couldn't understand a word. The patient and Hermann kept yelling at the same time.

The Russians are here, shouted Hermann. Let's go and pack, quick, quick. They're here? Who said so?

The old man. He's gone. Quick, hurry.

Don't get excited. The Prussians don't shoot that fast.

But the Russians do. Come on, Georg, let's get out of here.

I'll just finish off these few. Let's see, how many do we have left? Only fifteen, they're the last for today anyway. Wait for me in the shack and start packing. The big man shouted still louder while listening to the conversation. The syringe was pumped into him. Move along, on the double, cried Wimper to his assistant. It's high time. Injections suspended until further notice. Keep moving. Fifteen minutes later he was through with his work, washed his hands, and rushed back to his quarters.

Meanwhile Wohlbrecht had finished packing. You can keep the uniform as a souvenir, Hermann, to remind you of better days. Now (the thunder of the guns was rolling over St Veith, as though the storm might break at any moment. You could even hear the tank treads in the distance) let's get into that car quick. Wohlbrecht hobbled along behind Wimper with the bags. He had put on weight and walking came harder than in the old days.

Georg Wimper checked the engine and loaded cans of petrol on to the back seat, meanwhile conversing with his friend Wohlbrecht.

Say, Hermann, be a good fellow and give me the address of that Jew you hid back in '42, you know who I mean?

What Jew? D'you think I'm crazy, he said. The Jew is mine. You've saved up a whole crowd, at least three hundred. Why do you need any more?

They're no good, Hermann. You can stick them up. I've given the needle to about twenty thousand, maybe even twenty-one thousand, I'm not so good at figures, what's three hundred Jews to that? Not much, if you ask me. But a single one, an individual, one you've hidden at the risk of your life, that would carry some weight. Any judge would get confused by that sort of thing. Where does the Jew live? Come on, out with it, don't worry, they won't do anything to you, you were only an assistant and a patient at that.

Where do you say that Jew lives?

Wohlbrecht was pale. Only an assistant, is he out of his mind? The Russians don't ask questions, they just shoot. That's how it was in the First World War too. He could use Barth himself, a dead Jew is better than no alibi at all. Nobody'd believe he was only a patient.

Look here, Hermann, let's not philosophize, I've no time to lose. He raised his pistol to Hermann's chest. In Eberstal, whispered Wohlbrecht, scared witless, on the Schafsrücken, on the highest peak, you cross the river and turn off to the right. Anyway, I'm coming too, I'll show you.

Don't be an ass, said Wimper and pulled Wohlbrecht out of the car, with all this petrol and your weight? The tires would bust. So long, I'll be seeing you. And good luck. Wimper accelerated hard and drove like a madman out of the side gate.

Wohlbrecht felt utterly crushed, as if the car had run right over him.

Tramping by day and spending the nights by the roadside he passed straight through the battle lines. As a cripple in hospital dress, he got through everywhere. That was a help.

No, it's not over yet, but there isn't much left of it either. Nothing lasts for ever. That's how it is. Just when I'm beginning to find out what it's all about, they stop. I've never had any luck. The war didn't do me a bit of good. First I was good-natured so I got screwed, then I got wise and was doing pretty good, and one fine day, basta, finished. I'd rather have the skeleton than nothing, because if they begin to investigate, they'll find out and that can cost me my pension, if not my neck. And if I don't get there quick, I'm finished, they'll grab it. Can't you go any faster?

The two men in the truck looked at him. The one, Gschwandfänger, was almost a giant, the other went by the name of Bischof and called himself a retired corporal. Gschwandfänger, who had the wheel, spat from time to time at the retreating troops and drove like mad to reach the American lines. On the crates and barrels he had written Nitroglycerine, Explosives, Danger, Do Not Touch, and painted

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skulls and crossbones. And to make even more of an impression he had tied red rags on the front and back of the truck. He couldn't drive any faster, or else he would have attracted attention, and the poor cripple they had picked up because he had been clever enough to wave his wooden leg at them turned out to be not a combat soldier at all, but a nut from the St Veith nuthouse.

Instead of replying, Gschwandfänger spat on the head of a passing infantryman and Bischof farted so loud it was painful. As I was saying (maybe I'd better tell them the whole story, you never can tell, maybe I can get them on my side) I carried him up on my back. I had to go up twice, because Alois had one of his fits. He was killed the next day—God's punishment; I could find the place blindfolded any day. I'll make you a proposition. I've taken a liking to you boys, you've treated me like a brother, giving me a lift and all, so I'll do something for you. One good turn deserves another is my motto. We'll share the skeleton. Well, what do you say? O.K.? Gschwandfänger had to belch, that Hungarian sausage was still heavy on his stomach, and Bischof took a mouthful from the thermos flask, spat against the windshield, and began to wipe it off. He wished he could give this cripple a boot in the ass, throw him out of the car, and punish him by taking his wooden leg away.

He'd look good dancing on one leg. The idea appealed to him so much that he let out another wind—he could do it at will—that made the windows rattle.

Let's get this straight, said Wohlbrecht. You both got at least a year in the camp coming to you, maybe more, because things won't go as smooth as you think. With the Amis you can starve too. And if they feel like it, they'll put you in a camp for two years. But Toni was a Jew before he was a skeleton and I hid him all through the war. It's just a suggestion, but you gotta admit, it can't hurt you and it might do you some good. I'll say you helped me and they'll send you home with a thank you, because America is run by Jews, just like Russia. Everybody knows that.

Lick my ass, said Bischof, and when you're through, shut your trap.

Gschwandfänger was sorry for the nut. Look, he said, we don't give a shit about your Jew. It's people with a bad conscience that need things like that. My conscience is clear. Wohlbrecht broke in, mine is perfectly clear, I was locked up for three years.

Well, we fought against the Russians, see, and in a couple of years the Amis will be fighting the Russians themselves, that's plain, and they'll want us to help them, you can bet your life; they'll beg us to.

You're kidding, cried Wohlbrecht, whose imagination couldn't keep pace. And now do you see why we don't need no Jew, yours or anybody else's. Wehrmacht or Waffen-S.S., it don't make no difference, we've only done our duty and beat the shit out of the Commies and if we hadn't done it for Adolf, we'd have done it for somebody else. It's no disgrace to kill Commies, that's what they're for, it's the people that fought against us that ought to be ashamed.

We'll be in Burgdorf soon, interrupted Bischof, too bad, we'll have to drop you there, 'cause it's left to Eberstal, and we turn off to the right. Am I right, Ferdi?

Right, said Gschwandfänger.

Wohlbrecht grew sad, for suddenly he felt afraid. You can't be sure, but it's quite possible that those two criminals will get together and cut my throat. He didn't doubt for a moment that Wimper and Mückenpelz would steal his skeleton. These two fellows looked pretty husky. Gschwandfänger was a giant, Wimper wouldn't be able to touch him. The three of us could wipe the floor with them without trouble. Where else would he finds two guys like that before tomorrow morning, and Waffen-S.S. men at that; all along the road there had been nothing but Air Force, as if the whole Army had been in the Air Force. Opportunities are rare in life and after the war there won't be any at all, and so ... (transportation is nothing to be sneezed at either) Wohlbrecht made one last try.

Think it over at least, it's not far and I'll give you something extra. As soon as I get the apartment back from Hochrieder, each of you gets a hundred schillings, that's my final offer, because I can't strip myself to the bone. If I'm ever going to get my midgets, I've got to be a little careful with my money. Gschwandfänger stepped on the brake. I might think it over. It all depends, he said. They were at an intersection. Bischof reached out past Wohlbrecht and opened the door. Go shove it up, he said and pushed Wohlbrecht off the running board. Then he slammed the door.

And they let such nitwits live while we was dying like flies.

Don't get excited, Ferdi, said Bischof, next time we'll take over the home front and there won't be anybody left. Want to bet? And they vanished in a cloud of diesel fumes.

When it's a matter of life and death a wooden leg has toes. The Austrian Emperor's soldier had come to life in him, and that means a man with plenty of fight left. I'll do the ten miles and I'll make it up the mountain. That skeleton belongs to me even if it kills me. It's a matter of life and death, he shouted into the gathering dusk. On the path through the beet fields there was no one to hear him, except maybe a field mouse. Eberstal was the end of the world. It had no streets, no light, and only rain water. Just sixty dilapidated buildings, that's all. No army had visited Eberstal within memory of man: there was nothing worth taking or defending. It was a blind alley, in short, the *culo del mondo*. But Wohlbrecht plodded ahead in the direction of Eberstal as if to catch the last remaining boat, a boat that had already weighed anchor. When dusk turned to night, when the cockchafers flew about his ears and he could hardly see his hand before his face, his heroism mounted and with it his dread of the next day. Hares ran across his path, he stepped on a hedgehog. Wohlbrecht, an angel asked him, aren't you afraid? Shit, was his answer. Hermann, the angel asked him, is there any point in it? Toni is mine and nobody else's, said Wohlbrecht. And what if they kill you and pickle you? He'll still be mine because he's all

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I've got. But Wohlbrecht, Wimper and Mückenpelz and those two soldiers in the truck, they've all got guns, and what have you got? I'm telling you for your own good, said the angel. I shit on Wimper and Mückenpelz and all the soldiers in the world. On war and peace and corpses and even on the Americans. On my aching leg and even on Hochrieder. Nobody's going to touch my Toni. Even his skeleton belongs to me.

That's a lot of nonsense, said the same voice. He who laughs last laughs longest. Well, I'm laughing, Wohlbrecht tittered. And he laughed so loud that his own voice scared him. His laughter turned to singing. Soldiers' songs he had learned from his boys, they were good to keep time to.

Tum ta ta tum down Strassburg Street
We march with banners unfurled,
(Boom, boom went the wooden leg,)
What if my very own brother's forgotten me,
It's not the end of the world.
(Boom, boom.)

My own br ... the bum. If he holds out his hand, I'll chop it off. I'll clout Mückenpelz from behind. With my fist. He crumples up and doesn't move. I jam my knife in the giant's heart and let him bleed to death. That leaves only one. I'll finish him off somehow. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. I'll bash his brains in with my wooden leg. Toni's mine.

Have you got him? the Devil heckled.

I carried him up on my back, he'll come down on my back, I'll put his skull under my shirt, it won't fall out, I'll tie the bones together and put them inside the ribs. I won't carry him in my hands, 'cause if I slip something might break. I don't want a single bone to be missing.

Why not? the Devil asked.

Because he belongs to me. Every bit of him. Twenty-three years are half a lifetime. I've got nothing to give away. That's a fact, said the Devil and flew (buzz, buzz like a cockchafer) away. But he fell at his feet, and Wohlbrecht was glad to hear the crackling.

Halt! Who's there? a voice croaked. A robber, he called back. The way he felt he could have wrung the neck of a ghost. But it wasn't a ghost, it was Elfriede Wurmerer, the witch, who was letting her animals out.

The answer was a whirring, miaowing, bleating and screeching. In clusters and pairs they emerged from the bushes. Twenty-four cats, eight birds, and Gertrude the goat. So she's still alive, nothing much changed here. The smell of cat urine followed the animals, and Wohlbrecht was reassured; he wouldn't have recognized her by her voice.

Is that you, Hermann? she asked. I'd have known you anywhere. Nobody thumps like you. They shook hands. Maybe you've put on a little weight; otherwise you haven't changed.

There's only one wooden leg like mine, Wohlbrecht said, glad to have run into her before anybody else. They hadn't seen each other for ten years and all sorts of things had happened in the world.

She could have died, too; then he'd have had to steal a rope. Wohlbrecht was as happy as a child who has found his lost mother in a department store. It's oak wood, he said, slapping his leg—and as faithful as an oak.

Where's the fire? the witch asked.

Wohlbrecht said to himself, better watch my words. Aloud he said: Nowhere, in case you want to know. I happen to have some business to attend to around here.

Just like that in the middle of the night? Here I haven't laid eyes on you in ten years and you come moseying along just like that. It's not so very late, said Wohlbrecht. Maybe ten.

It's eleven. I'm late tonight, 'cause I couldn't sleep. He screamed again yesterday, I haven't shut an eye all week. Come on in, I'll make you some coffee, and you can stay with me.

If you don't mind, I'd be glad to.

All they've left me is the house, she said on the way. The devils. Everything else is gone. But I won't die for them, they won't get rid of me. Nothing was any help. I've lost every lawsuit. Even though I'm supposed to be a witch. If I could only hex the lot of them to hell. But let's not talk about it, it makes me sick.

A pale moon hung over Eberstal. Swathed in mist. The night smelled of linden blossoms and cockchafers. Nothing had changed at her place. You still had to lift the gate to get it open. She had never been willing to invest in a hinge.

Throw money away? What for? And indeed the steel wire served its purpose of fastening the gate to the post. The pump, as though by sheer will-power, still kept its balance on a pile of bricks. Why spend money on mortar? The two rooms, one for sleeping, the other for living and cooking, were also unchanged. Stockings, clasps, clothes, two crystal chandeliers, and a rolled-up scrap of linoleum were still lying there; they even seemed to be in the same places. The coffee pot was still in the wash bowl. As in former days the whole place smelt of dust and lavender water.

The witch aired her house only once a year. At Pentecost. A house ain't a pasture. I got plenty of fresh air. Which was perfectly true.

She poured water from a pitcher into the coffee pot and set it on the fire. When she opened the stove door to put on wood, the fire lit up her face for a moment. If possible, she was even more shrivelled and wrinkled. Her nose had shrunk to a tiny little bone, her cheeks were hollower than ever, but still rouged and powdered, and her lips or what was left of them were smeared with red. She was an honest-to-goodness witch. At first they had called her that out of malice, but now it had finally become true. She didn't frighten him, but her smell was as unbearable as her stories about the eighty years of her life. She always claimed to be older than she was. Actually she couldn't have been more than sixty-five. I couldn't get old if I wanted to. They call you an old witch just the same, said Wohlbrecht. They hate me because I won't give in to them, and I never will. You can tell them that from me, and I won't ever die either. And she launched into her stories about her

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love affairs, about the gipsy pedlar who had said 'My, how spry you look with your red cheeks and not so much as a wisp of grey hair, and your red lips, as red as rosebuds, you could still get any man in the world,' about the two husbands she had buried, her son who had died, her daughters who had gone away and got married and never been heard from since, about the lawsuits she was always engaged in—Wohlbrecht knew them all by heart.

It was the lawsuits that turned her into a witch. Pretty near the whole valley used to belong to us, now my neighbour's land begins at the back door. This development was news to Wohlbrecht. Aggravation, quarrels, misery, always wanting to be in the right and always being put in the wrong—a weaker woman would have lain down and died. But she didn't want to die, she refused. I won't die until I've got my grandchild. She had demanded a whole raft of grandchildren once, but now her requirements had dwindled to one. A handsome lad, as tall as a tree, strong enough to tear anyone in Eberstal from limb to limb. That's what the newspapers were for. Her daughters had children, no doubt of that. If they didn't care to write, it was all the same to her, but newspapers have birth notices in them. And if she hadn't found what she was looking for in the last thirty years, it meant either that it wasn't there yet (hence more and more newspapers, regardless from where) or that she hadn't read carefully enough. She had missed it. In that case there was only one thing to do: keep all the papers and take another look when she got the chance.

The whole barn was filled with newspapers. She never got around to looking through them again. But some day she'd have time, so not one paper must be thrown away. She reinforced the paper with home-made glue made by boiling bones over an open fire in the yard. The whole neighbourhood stank of glue, and that was one more thing to quarrel over. Collecting newspapers was part of her life—like the cats she raised, or the birds she had found as nestlings and cared for, or the goat that got older and older and gave no more milk, and like her conviction that there was a grandchild somewhere, because an old woman can't grow old without a grandchild, much less die. She used to lend people her newspapers, but she always insisted on having them back, which made for more quarrels with her neighbours (it's only a newspaper, or, you got so many: both remarks threw her into a fury).

Since the war started, no more newspapers had come to the valley. The radio belonged to Bernbauer, her mortal enemy, which gave her two good reasons for not believing a word it said. Consequently she was overcome when Wohlbrecht told her that the war she had read about not so long ago when the Germans marched into Poland, was just about over.

Did we win it at least?

Of course not, said Wohlbrecht, and it's just as well we lost it or it would have gone on another hundred years.

A hundred ain't so much. That happened one time.

It's long enough for me, said Wohlbrecht. Especially in the last three years. They locked me up. For draft-dodging.

Why did you do that?

'Cause I saw what was coming. A lost war ain't for me, d'you think I'm crazy? I knew it was lost three years ago. In the first place our men didn't have enough ammunition, in the second place the government was taking food out of people's mouths and spending it on whores and liquor, and in the third place we didn't have any trains, so the troops didn't have any supplies.

What happened to the trains? Last time I was in Linz back in '37, I saw plenty of 'em with my own eyes.

Yes, in '37. They were still there. Later on the Jews took 'em away.

The Jews? You don't say.

Sure, I saw it myself. They jumped on the trains like wild men and made off with them. They didn't take just one, they took hundreds. The bastards.

Take our trains away, where'd you hear that? asked Elfriede.

Hear it? I don't hear nothing. I saw it. At North-west Station, I saw it with my own eyes. Yeah, the Jews, and they didn't even bring them back. They took them away to Poland. What do you say to that, all the way to Poland!

But Hermann, what for?

And then they burned them.

Burned them?

Of course. That's the Jews for you; and then they had such a bad conscience they threw themselves into the flames of the burning trains.

'A guilty conscience is a restless bedfellow,' said the witch shaking her head.

Right you are. And that's what I'm here for now. To check 'Cause I nabbed one of that Jewish gang, trying to make off with a locomotive. He'd have been in a worse fix if the police had caught him. So I sent him up a mountain, to punish him. That's right.

Up a mountain?

Yeah, the Schafsrücken.

Go on, Hermann, I'm not as dumb as all that, you can expect me to believe such rubbish.

It's true.

Look here, Hermann. That critter on the mountain, the one that goes running around with the deer, that's no Jew. It's the wild man, everybody knows that, he's been there since my father's time. And that's quite a while ago. He called himself Rudl then and he kept shouting Rudl, Rudl. But this one calls himself Barth.

Barth?

That's what he always shouts when the moon is full, yesterday he did it again, I told you.

Barth? Shouting? Listen, I'm going to peg out.

Wohlbrecht's face turned ashen grey. He screamed deliriously I knew it all the time. I'll find him alive yet. Without any hocus-pocus.

I knew it all along. That kinda corpse don't stay dead. Skeletons can talk too, why not, they can jump too, like deer

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It stands to reason, they die, get up, and die again. They got no sun glasses. I've got them. He drew Barth's dark glasses from his pocket and put them on. No, now he can't see me. I couldn't see him before either. The corpse jumps and shouts Barth. Not Wohlbrecht, Barth. Wohlbrecht is dead. That's me. Not quite yet, but damn near it. Yes, dead as a doornail. I'm a corpse. A dead corpse. Dead as dead can be. He went to the open door and shouted with all his might: Wolhbrecht.

An echo came back, but with a different voice: Barth! Several times it resounded through the valley, loud and clear. Then Wohlbrecht toppled over and the witch had to drag him off to bed.

I'd have believed the part about the paralysed Jew, but that stuff about St Veith is a lot of moonshine. Do you really think I'm so dumb? Or so old?

She was hurt.

While he rested she fixed herself up. No man had dropped in for years, even the pedlars and tramps had stayed away since the beginning of the war. Old she was, but she hadn't given up hope. If it could happen in the Old Testament, why couldn't it happen again?

She had put on her best dress, she called it her snow dress because it was off-white, with little bells at the neck, the puffed sleeves and the hem.

She had braided her hair, put on fresh lipstick and rouged her cheeks. She looked like an old whore or a freshly embalmed corpse. Wohlbrecht drank one glass of wine after another and embroidered his stories as if they hadn't been incredible enough to begin with. Sixty-two a day became sixty-two hundred a day. What were a few noughts to him? Wimper's syringe became a stamping machine (the victims were stamped with poison). Wimper's hatred of Mückenpelz became murder (I saw it with my own eyes, he bashed his head in with a chair). Wimper's flight turned to suicide. (Then he pulls out his pistol and before I can say 'Don't do it,' he puts a bullet through his head.)

Then he came to the Rorschach test:

The professor points to a tree and says: What do you see? A tree, I say. Wrong, says he, that's a house. All right, so it's a house. He points to a field and says: Is that a field? Of course, I say, what else would it be? Wrong, he says, it's a forest. Then he points to a hill. That's not a hill, is it? It's a factory, isn't it? Sure, I say, it's a factory because I've learned my lesson. Wrong, he says, it's neither a hill nor a factory. It's a delusion. The truth is you're a revolutionary Marxist, your method of reasoning and your dialectical lies prove that. Imagine that, when I'd been speaking in my best High German. Elfriede Wurmerer didn't believe a word of it. All she wanted was a grandson. If you want the rope, you know how you can get it. Old women don't get children, they get grandchildren right away. Don't be afraid.

I'm a grandfather already, Wohlbrecht protested, utterly worn out by the wine and his anticipation of the next day. He was already in the bedroom.

Do you want that rope or don't you? Elfriede lured him like a mermaid.

He wanted the rope. No rope, no hope, he improvised.

Well, you won't get it, so there. How Elfriede managed that shameless, toothless, seductive smile was her own secret.

Wohlbrecht could have sworn it was in the wine. Spanish fly. That's what it is. Spanish fly. The slut. What a way to catch a poor weak man. With rope and flies. Is that a way to behave?

All my life I've been driven to do things that don't give me any pleasure. What drives me? What's the matter with you, Schnucki? When Wohlbrecht was drunk he called himself Schnucki, one of his wife's pet names for him.

All right, let's have it then, said Wohlbrecht in a tone of command. In God's name. Smiling like a siren (she looked the spitting image of that skinny whore in Praterstrasse) and getting herself ready by the bed (stockings, clothes, apples, a soda-water bottle, an umbrella, and the caged lovebird had to be stowed away underneath), the witch said:

Don't stand there like an ox going to slaughter, or aren't you interested in that rope? Wohlbrecht felt feverish. Goddam bitch. Using me this way. Hell, cried Wohlbrecht, I'm not even afraid of the Kalifati (an enormous Chinese in the Prater standing in the centre of a merry-go-round). Well, if you're not afraid of Kalifati, there's no reason to be afraid of me, I won't eat you.

Wohlbrecht lost all control. The old woman and the wine, the excitement of the last few days and the impending ordeal undermined his will and drove him wild.

Off with it then, he commanded. He meant her dress. The little bells were run up like a curtain. Jesus, Mary and Joseph, what's that?

It's for my rheumatism, Hermann. It's draughty here in the valley. Utterly flabbergasted, Hermann stared at the catskin pants. Take 'em off, take 'em off, he cried. Elfriede removed the catskin. Holy Stephen, cried Hermann, and what's that? Why that's a cat's tail. No, it can't be.

Yes, Hermann, that's what it is. My dear departed Nicholas was so proud of it to his dying day. You know how toms are. I never had the heart to cut it off. Don't let it bother you, Hermann.

All for a length of rope. Despite his queasy feeling Hermann thought he was at the front again, the order was to advance and orders are orders.

Fur pants with a tail—he'd never seen anything like it. Those pants on a midget girl, it flashed through his mind, wouldn't that be a hit? Sure fire. But it's all so humiliating.

He attacked his pleasure as in other days he had attacked his reports. Unpleasant duties must be dispatched with promptness and zeal.

Thank you and God bless you. She put her catskin back on again. The pleasure was all mine (Wohlbrecht was a gentleman), but when do I get my rope? Right away, she said, where's the fire? What's your big hurry to die? Catching a wild man is dangerous. You mark my words. Anyway I'll baptize my

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grandson in your name. You have my promise. That's the way I am.

He had made up his mind. We'd better wait. Maybe she'll get away at the last moment. If he hadn't climbed a tree as a warning, things might have turned out even worse. They followed him over the new escape route and crossed his bridge one after another. The she-wolf was close at their heels. It wasn't until they reached the clearing that he saw one was missing. Like a king before a battle, Barth went from one to another, telling each one not to be afraid, giving each one a reassuring pat. They were jumpy with fright, dripping with sweat and frothing at the mouth. But Barth was the leader of the herd and they trusted him.

He knew every stone and every hole on the Schafsrücken and he never left them, even at night.

His own life depended on his power to hold the animals in check; by himself he would have died long ago, in the deer herd he had a chance. He wore his hair under his jacket so it wouldn't get in his way when he was running, he filed down his nails against the stones they rubbed their hoofs on. He kept his clothes and shoes in the crate and always went barefoot. He never went back to the hut except to look for the salt that Wohlbrecht had strewn in his pocket many years ago. Salt was his nightmare, the reason for his fits of recurrent melancholy.

Chewing ferns and licking certain stones did not satisfy him. The animals knew nothing else, but he had tasted real salt, and sometimes the memory of salt brought back wild images of a long-forgotten past.

He was just about to settle down when the animals jumped up and sniffed in the direction of the ravine. Suddenly he smelt it too. Blood. Just as suddenly she stood there, ten yards away, frightened, trembling and exhausted. She was close to death, ready to topple over any minute. Her left hindleg hung by the sinews. He had to push back the deer pressing in on him, aroused by the blood. He only wanted to see if there was still a chance to save her. But when he touched her, she collapsed, as though she had escaped from the she-wolf only for this one touch. In a flash the animals had formed a close circle round them.

Go away! Barth cried. Go away! It was too late. He barely managed to save himself by getting out of the circle. Maddened by the blood, they rushed at the dying animal, frothing and fuming like furies, battering at it more and more furiously with their antlers. A few minutes later nothing was left but the head and a patch of hide. The branches round about were hung with entrails. Barth hurled some sticks to drive them away, but the battlefield was empty now and the animals were grazing peacefully beneath the trees as if nothing had happened. He knelt beside her dead open eyes and was spellbound. The eyes stared at him. He heard voices in his ear and suddenly they were standing beside him, larger than life. They looked down at him and were silent. As though to defend himself, Barth picked up the dead doe's head and held out the lifeless eyes towards them.

Say something, say something, he screamed. But his father only shook his head. His mother shook her head too. Say something! Speak to me! I'm afraid!

Suddenly he heard his father's voice plain and clear: No, we don't want him. His mother repeated: No, no, we don't want him.

Numbed by fear and shock, he dropped the head. One of the deer had touched him with its antlers; and with his last strength Barth rose to his feet and broke out of the circle. He ran through the night forest as if pursued by monsters. Higher and higher. He didn't dare turn round until he saw the hut. The animals hadn't followed him. Panting he leaned against a tree, willing to believe that what had happened had been one of his salt dreams.

A cold shiver turned him to ice. Human shadows were moving through the bushes, he heard crackling in the underbrush.

It was no dream, his heart pounded in his throat, and suddenly a voice from far away shouted clearly: Wohlbrecht! Barth! Barth! Barth! he called back. The sound of his own voice gave him just enough strength to reach the hut. Bracing his back against the door, he sat huddled up, staring wide-eyed at the barred windows.

The procession had reached the foot of the mountain. The ceremonial had not changed. Four cats in the lead, then another four, then Gerti the goat, then the rest of the cats, and drawing up the rear, the eight birds. She carried a sick cat in her arms, though ordinarily she wasn't one to spoil them. Wohlbrecht hobbled along beside her, carrying a rope over his shoulder like a mountain climber. If he stamps his right hoof you quickly say two Our Fathers, if he bares his tusks and hisses, down on your knees and say three Hail Marys, but if you see the smoke, it's white and comes out of his nose and ears, close your eyes quick or it'll blind you. I've warned you, but you won't listen. Isn't the salt running out of your pockets? Wohlbrecht felt his coat pockets. The witch had filled them with salt—without salt you won't even get near enough to see him.

And now you'd better get started and be sure to get up there before noon, because at the stroke of noon he can't stand seeing anybody. So goodbye. In God's name.

Wohlbrecht looked at her: Your superstitious nonsense would kill a cow. You Eberstal people are all heathens. But thanks for putting me up and thanks for the rope.

I've got to bring him down. I owe it to his parents. If I don't find him, I'll wait up there until I do. I'm not afraid, that's plain as day.

There was so much fear in his eyes it made him blink. Knock three times and don't forget those newspapers you've got in the crate. That's it.

She made the sign of the cross over him and turned round. Let him bash his mulish skull in. The wild man will eat him to the bone. So old and still such a nut. You don't go fooling around with a wild man, hasn't he done enough damage already? In three years not a right baby born in the village, and

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four floods and ten people killed each time. And the big horseflies, as big as canaries? And all these years not a single apple but had worms in it? And the ten thousand swallows that fell out of the sky last spring? I suppose that's nothing. Let him break his foot neck. Serve him right. Followed by her retinue, she went back to her house without so much as a look back.

Hocus-pocus, Toni-corpse. Look, I've brought you some salt. He didn't find the corpse, and there was no skeleton to be seen. But he didn't dare go into the hut. Salt, salt, look here. Salt, salt. No answer. He was worn out from the climb—three years in St Veith and seventy pounds had made an old man of him. Feeling weak, he lay down on his belly. Salt, salt. Come on, sweetie, come. He sprinkled salt in front of him. Suddenly he heard something burst out of the hut and saw someone disappear into the woods. Paralysed by terror and exhaustion, he screamed his: Salt, salt, come on, sweetie. Nothing came and nothing stirred. Wohlbrecht fell into a brief cat-nap. While he lay there as if dead, the deer ventured nearer, and even Barth came close. They licked it from his hands and out of his pockets. Wohlbrecht started up and froze. Barth was kneeling beside him, licking the salt from the ground. I'm going to die of fright, was his first thought. Is that you, Toni? he asked. Barth looked at him. A second passed. With his last strength, Wohlbrecht darted out his arm as quick as a snake's tongue and seized Barth by the leg. He held fast, Barth tried to break loose and dragged Wohlbrecht several feet along the ground. But Wohlbrecht was too heavy. In a flash he flung himself on Barth. Barth hissed, growled, screamed, and bit his hand. But Wohlbrecht didn't let go. He clung to Barth with his last remaining strength. When he had caught his breath, he shouted furiously: You sneaky little bastard, play-acting all these years, lying to me, you sneak, did I deserve that? Here's one for you, and another and another. He hammered at him with his fist. With a final effort he trussed him up like a sheep and gagged him with the end of the rope.

Good. Well, now I've got what I need. Barth didn't budge. Wohlbrecht broke out in a sweat. That rascal sure knows how to pretend. He slapped Barth's face several times, and didn't breathe easy until he heard him moan.

He lifted Barth over his shoulder and tried to stand up. Finally he made it. Barth was three times as heavy. The little sneak has put on weight. That's all I needed. He's heavy, Wohlbrecht lamented, I'll never get him down, I'll never make it alone, somebody's got to help me. He could hardly breathe and had to stop at every step. I'll never make it alone.

As though in response to a command, three of them jumped out from behind a clump of bushes. Hands up, shouted the tallest. Wohlbrecht recognized him at once. He was the driver of the day before. The younger one was Georg Wimper, unshaven and almost unrecognizable, and the doddering old man beside him with the half-lenses, the hat, winter overcoat and galoshes was Professor Mückenpelz. The fourth is missing, it ran through Wohlbrecht's head. He dropped Barth like a sack of potatoes.

Herr Barth, said Gschwandfänger to the bundle, you are free. Cut the cords, he ordered Mückenpelz. Mückenpelz took his pocket knife and began to scrape at the rope. Too slowly for Lieutenant Gschwandfänger. With a jerk of his bayonet he freed Barth from his bonds.

We've come to rescue you, said Georg Wimper. Say, you need a little pepping up. Look what the swine's done to you. He'll get what's coming to him, Gschwandfänger proclaimed. Wohlbrecht sat on the ground, holding his wooden leg with both hands. Meanwhile Barth dragged himself painfully to his feet. I'd like to see a deer do that. But they'll stuff me anyway. He could see himself over a bar as in pictures of country inns. Without antlers it's even more impressive.

Anton Barth, said Gschwandfänger in an official tone, where are your papers?

I'm a deer, said Barth.

He can talk, he can talk, Holy Jesus, God in heaven, a miracle, I'm dying, cried Wohlbrecht.

Everything in its proper order, said Gschwandfänger. First let's give him something to eat.

Wimper nudged Mückenpelz, who opened the knapsack. He took out a salami and a quarter loaf of black bread, and handed them to Wimper.

Here, my boy, said Wimper. But Barth refused. Eat! Wimper ordered. People that don't eat get sick. But Barth shook his head in disgust.

You've got to eat, Wimper repeated.

Pull his mouth open if he don't want to. Gschwandfänger had no patience with slowcoaches. Sit down, he ordered Barth, and pressed him down by the shoulders. Open your mouth! But Barth, sickened by the smell of the sausage, refused. They forced his mouth open. Why, there's hay in it, Wimper screamed.

Out with the hay, Gschwandfänger commanded. Wimper reached into Barth's mouth and removed the hay from the teeth. That's not really my job, he thought. Good. And now, eat, man. But they had to hold his nose. Barth managed to get the first slice of salami down, but the bread turned his stomach.

Swine! Gschwandfänger was furious. The bastard's messed up my whole uniform. He wiped himself off with a handful or two of grass.

Lousy Jewish pig, said Wimper helpfully. Instantly Gschwandfänger clouted him over the head. Herr Barth is his name, he roared. Gschwandfänger had a quick temper; he was a professional soldier and couldn't abide subordinates. Let them capitulate as much as they please in Berlin, up here on the mountain there's going to be discipline.

Mückenpelz knelt down beside Barth and spoke softly: Herr Barth, I beg of you, don't make things hard for us. We only want to help you.

Barth lay flat on his back, his head to one side, looking up at the tops of the fir trees that cut like knives into the grey

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sky. He gave out hoarse cries that sounded like mooing.

Quick, Georg, Gschwandfänger ordered, now he's got his mouth open, pour in some cognac. Wimper poured in cognac. The cognac had a miraculous effect. The first gulp made Barth dizzy, but he sat up. With one hand he wrenched the bottle away from Wimper and set it to his lips. Not so fast, Wimper protested. We haven't got that much. And he took the bottle away.

Barth felt wonderful. He was still making horrible faces, but he stood up.

Prosit! they all cried in unison. He's alive.

They handed the bottle round and even Wohlbrecht had a swallow. Prosit, he cried. His hopes were reviving again. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

I'll make you a proposition, said Wohlbrecht. We'll share Barth. I've never been a piker.

Share? Gschwandfänger burst into a whinny.

What do you mean share? Have you got something to share? You think we're crazy? People share when they have to. I suppose you're going to make us? I'll make you a counter-proposal: if you persuade Barth to come with us quietly, because it wouldn't do to use force, and sign a paper saying we brought him up here at the risk of our lives, we'll let you off scot-free.

For a moment Wohlbrecht was too flabbergasted to answer. Am I crazy or am I deaf? Aloud he said: I don't understand a word you're saying.

Mückenpelz wrote it out for him on a piece of paper: 'I, Hermann Wohlbrecht, solemnly swear that Lieutenant Ferdinand Gschwandfänger, Dr Georg Wimper and Professor Caesar Mückenpelz gave me every possible help in saving Anton Barth, a victim of racial persecution, from the clutches of the Gestapo. Signed.'

Mückenpelz held out the pen. Sign! The tone struck a familiar chord. Wohlbrecht signed. Excellent, said Mückenpelz. And now, gentlemen, perhaps we had better be going.

What are you going to do with him? Wohlbrecht asked. He still couldn't take it all in.

A few weeks' vacation in Eberstal can't hurt us. We'll bide our time. The rest will take care of itself, said Wimper in a tone that was almost friendly.

Barth looked bleary-eyed at Wohlbrecht.

Go on down, Toni, go on down. And kiss the folks at home. Goodbye Toni, goodbye. The apartment will be yours now. You'll think of me once in a while, won't you? I'll be down after a while. But not right away.

Georg held one end of the rope, Barth was tied to the other. When Gschwandfänger, who was in the lead, disappeared behind a tree, Wohlbrecht came to his senses.

It's a crime. It's got to be stopped. They mustn't go on. Not with my Toni. In a few seconds his whole botched life passed before his eyes. He couldn't stand it:

He's mine, mine, he shouted with all his might. Barth is mine. Criminals! Scoundrels! Crooks! Give him back. Gschwandfänger about-faced. The others came goose-stepping after him.

If you keep on shouting, he said calmly, you'll be breaking your promise, and besides they'll hear you all over the valley. Foaming at the mouth, Wohlbrecht bellowed: You can't do it. He's mine. I hid him. Me and nobody else.

Quiet! Wimper ordered. They can hear you in Eberstal. But Wohlbrecht was beyond control: Let him go! This minute! Let him go! I've got to bring him back. I've got to.

Nobody's got to do anything. Except die, like Bischof. Those gangsters didn't ask any questions. They just shot him. I for one thought it over and at the last moment took your advice. So what do you want now?

I owe it to my soul, Wohlbrecht whined.

Stop whining, Gschwandfänger commanded. He thrust one foot forward and held his thumb in his belt. What a dog this cripple is. Nauseating.

He was in an ugly mood and felt like teasing the old man some more.

Where do you keep your soul, you creep? I bet you never had one.

Here, cried Wohlbrecht, here. He pointed to his wooden leg. Is that nothing? Have you no pity?

With one tug Gschwandfänger pulled off the wooden leg and flung it against a tree. No soul here, he said. It was no good anyway. Buckle it on tighter next time. Let's go!

They started off again.

Have mercy, Wohlbrecht begged on one knee. I'm human too.

Gschwandfänger turned round quickly and handed Mückenpelz the submachine gun he had hidden under his coat. Shal we have mercy? All right. And to Wohlbrecht he said: W wouldn't do it if we weren't kind-hearted. Go ahead, Mucky, you old shithead.

Mückenpelz aimed the pistol with trembling hands. But he couldn't do anything without a preamble: Wohlbrecht, you're a bad sort, or I couldn't do this. You're still an interesting case, so it's really too bad. And now, my good friend, grit your teeth, it's going to hurt. It's going to hurt bad. He fired until Wohlbrecht didn't stir. Wimper looked to see that he was really dead, opening one eye with practised fingers. Too bad, he said. He probably would have made a good circus impresario in time. Wasn't he wild about midgets! It was almost pathological. Well, let's not speak ill of the dead.

Wohlbrecht is still lying there on the mountain-top, a one-legged skeleton. Without sacraments and unburied, alone and forgotten. The wooden leg, his faithful pet, still stands propped against the tree, exactly as it did then, waiting patiently for the resurrection of its master, which will surely happen some day. Any day.

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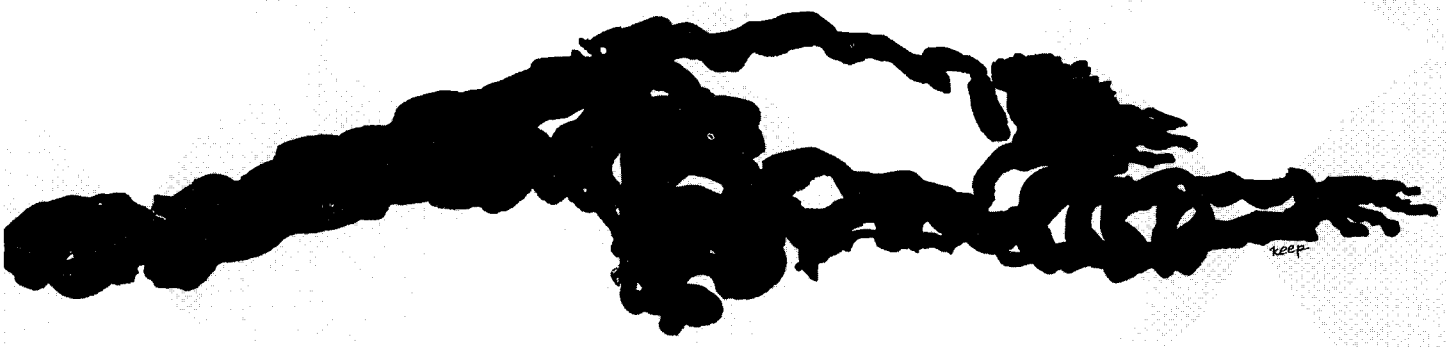

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§§On the day I was born in [illegible] that was five minutes walk from [illegible] Danube, the river was frozen solid and farmers crossed the ice with sacks of potatoes and cabbages to reach the market at the end of our street. It was the famous cold winter of 1929.

My district was populated by clerks, tradesmen and not a few bank-employees, all of them poor. Everyone in Vienna was poor, except us — until 1930 and the crash.

We moved into the new socialist built workers housing estate only a few weeks before the socialists went out of government. Overnight, the red flags and the "three arrows" disappeared. In came the red-white-red flag with oak-leaf and "Krukenkreuze" (the "crooked cross" of the Austro-Fascists) on every wall. Austro-Fascism lasted even less time than Austro-Socialism.

March 1938, just before the Easter holidays, the "crooked crosses" and red-white-red flags vanished overnight as if by magic, and all Vienna became one great Swastika. Farmers, who had always worn arrows or Krukekreuze, now wore swastika badges because everyone could just afford that. But not us. We couldn't. When everyone said "Juden raus," we couldn't afford going fare. In December of the same year, I left for Holland — a few days on a children's refugee train.

There, for just over years, I breathed the new air of a free, democratic and normal country. But the Germans followed me. In two years, the Germans had turned "Juden raus" into "Juden Nach Polen." No one knew what that meant, not even the Jews.

A few years turbulent for mere survival was followed by five years in a land plagued by anti-Semitism, which had just become fascist as I left it in search of an education. Education, a zest for the endless. But at age twenty-three, education was hard to get. I was privileged to study in Vienna for two years at the Max Reinhardt Seminar. I was to become a theater director. The privilege and good lessons were wasted on me. I could become nothing. It was too late.

I had been born: a sailor on a barge, an assistant to a spy, a clerk in a food rationing office, a fisherman in the Mediterranean, a road-labourer in Jerusalem, a bench photographer in Tel Aviv, an orange picker in Nathanya, an air traffic controller in the Israeli Air Force, a writer of short stories, an editor of a small Vienna paper, a private detective, a lecturer again in London, a traveller in Scandinavia. Sweden and Italy and in all earned as an apprentice-chip for a writer. Every day was examination. Lord, find a Wood in my thesis.§§

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Face 1
House on Pine Street 2
Quena Player 3
Kent in a Red Sweater 4
Jeanette 5

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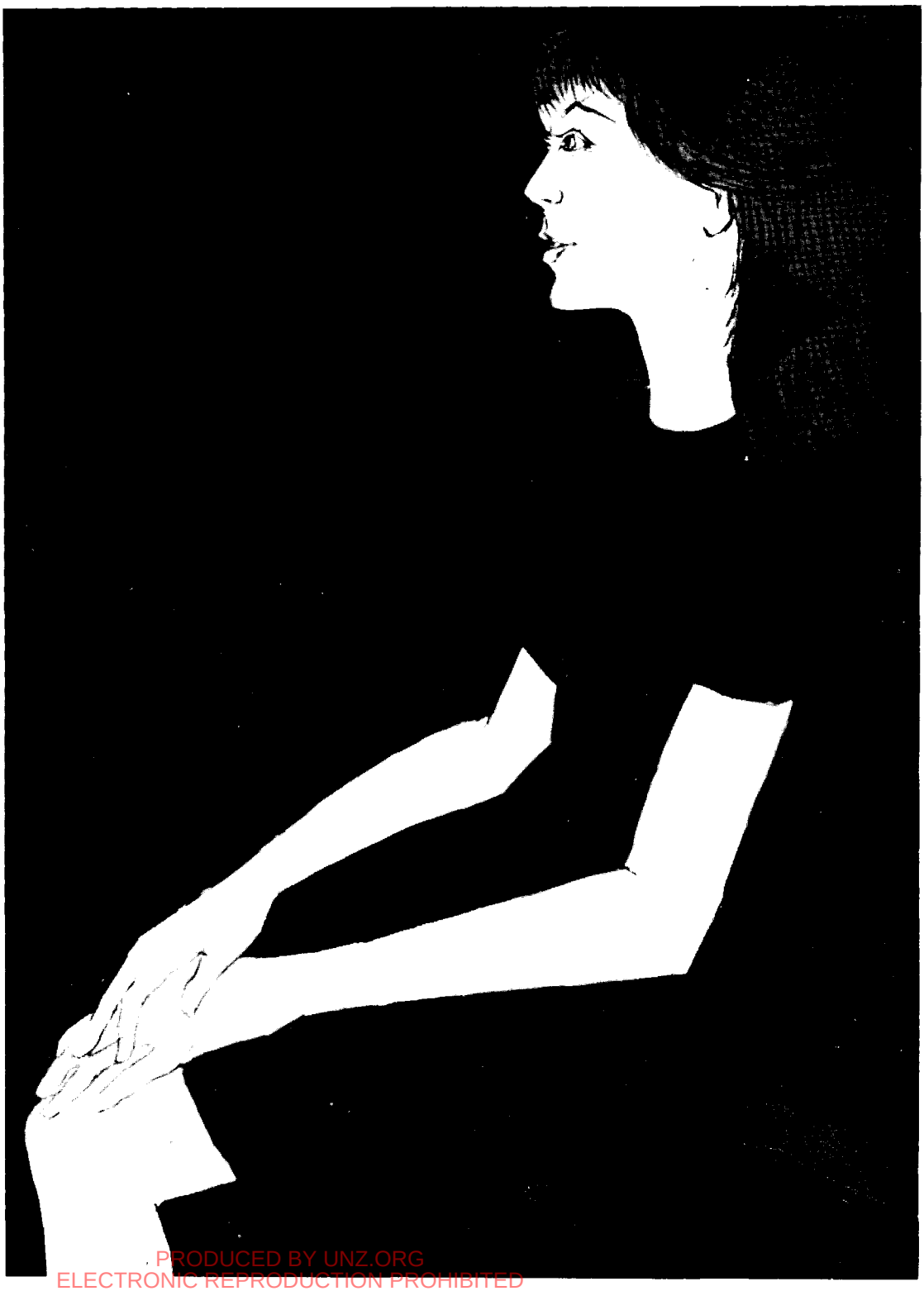

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A noted sociologist takes issue with Bishop Hannan's valenti

'DAVY CROCKETT' AND THE BISHOP

That it was, of course, so utterly predictable does not make it any less regrettable. On the very day that the correspondent for *The Manchester Guardian* suggested that "American valentines for the clean bomb" would take the form of secret interventions submitted in writing, Bishop Hannan of Washington chose to prove him wrong by taking the floor at Vatican II in an energetic defense of tactical nuclear weapons against the condemnation implied in Schema 13. Whether his words were intended to stand in open repudiation of the position taken by Cardinal Alfrink and some of the French bishops or not, they represent the only public contribution by a member of the American hierarchy to the discussion of a moral problem for which we Americans, as a nation, bear the lion's share of responsibility. We are, after all, the one who first discovered these broad new vistas of apocalyptic destruction. Ours alone is the dubious honor of having conducted the only actual experiment in their use against a human population. And now, when one might have hoped that this grim record would inspire our spiritual leaders to seize the occasion to voice the profound "mea culpa" that is so long overdue and to take the lead in putting Christ's Church on record against this abomination of desolation that we have erected in the market place, the good bishop has reached out his hand in loving benediction of battlefield weapons like the "Davy Crockett" and its brothers – innocent creations all, crying for protection against the abuse set forth in Schema 13 and extended and intensified by his distinguished Dutch colleague. His words, as the *Guardian* was to put it must indeed "have brought cheer tonight in some Pentagon quarters as the votive martinis were raised."

If the stand he took was unfortunate, the reasons he gave were even worse. As he was to explain later, he spoke in the confidence that "our nuclear weapons will be used with wisdom," a fact which led him to suggest that "We in the Council should be humble and rely greatly on military experts and the proven capacity and wisdom of our leaders." One hesitates to criticize humility, especially in bishops, but the question must be asked: *proven* capacity and wisdom? Precisely when and where "proven" – at Hiroshima, perhaps? Or in the even greater atrocity perpetuated a few days later at Nagasaki? If anything has been "proven" about the "capacity" and "wisdom" of our military leaders in their handling of these murderous weapons, it is that they know an extremely effective means of destruction when they see it and are "hard-nosed" enough not to let sentimental or moralistic reservations stand in their way when they think they have found a suitable occasion for putting it to use. Bishop Hannan might benefit from a reading of recent military history, including a review of statements made by General LeMay and the others who have "proven" themselves ready, even eager, to see the solution to our problems, in places like Cuba and Southeast Asia, in what some journalists like to refer to as a quick nuclear "knock-out."

Harsh as it may sound to say so, the bishop's willingness to delegate what is probably the most crucial moral decision to be faced by mankind today to military experts and national leaders leads to the same kind of spiritual bankruptcy that found German Catholic bishops calling upon their flocks to support the manifestly unjust wars unleashed by Hitler—wars prosecuted with energy and dedication by the men of "proven capacity and wisdom" who happened to be responsible military leaders of the Third Reich. This is a familiar pattern, of course. Ever since the conversion of the Roman Empire and particularly since the rise of the modern nation-state—the official spokesmen of the Catholic Church have usually "opted-out" when it came to a question of opposing wars undertaken by the secular ruler. Or, worse, the tendency has actually been for the shepherds of the Christian flock to rally the faithful in full support of such wars. Thus, if Bishop Hannan and other American bishops have taken upon themselves the un-

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happy task of legitimizing nuclear weapons and thereby upholding the defense policies proposed by this nation's leaders, they are following in the footsteps of illustrious predecessors who, throughout the history of the Church, have always found some way of trimming and interpreting moral principle to fit the defense imperatives proposed to them by the military experts.

That the Fathers of Vatican II must finally come up with something better than this should be obvious to all. It is no longer an issue concerning trivial things like the disposition of colonies, the succession to a throne, or contested boundaries of kingdoms and principalities. The issue with which they must wrestle today is nothing less than the potential—or, if we choose to be pessimistic, the *probable*—annihilation of the world and all its inhabitants. This is a matter that simply may not be left to the military expert to decide. And this is why the next session of the Council may prove to be the Church's last real opportunity to display the moral leadership and to exert the influence called for by Patriarch Maximos speaking in favor of Schema 13 —on the same day, significantly enough, that Bishop Hannan chose to plead the case for nuclear realism.

THE PRESS AGENCIES have referred to a "confidential" petition submitted to the Council by a group of Roman Catholic experts (as some reports had it, at the request of an American bishop). In this the Fathers are warned against the folly of condemning tactical, or "clean," nuclear weapons. During a recent visit to Rome I had an opportunity to read a document which I take to be either the petition in question or a preliminary version. It was no surprise to note that the men who prepared the document were all engaged in one capacity or another related to our State and Defense establishments. That they are sincere and well-intentioned men is certain; what is equally certain is that their contribution seems to be dominated more by their professional involvement in strategic planning and operations than by any detached concern for the moral implications of nuclear war itself, the aspect of the problem which must be given priority in the Council deliberations. Much of the case they present rests upon the complaint that the commission responsible for the Schema's present wording has been amateurish in its approach, that there is no reference at all to the highly specialized jargon and expertise that has been developed to elaborate the multitude of gradations which have been advanced to make palatable strategies and reprisal programs that were once dismissed as "unthinkable." Virtually no mention is made by these experts of the immoral uses to which our present nuclear stockpiles would almost certainly have to be put; instead, they are transfixed with horror by the possibility that weapons designed for limited battlefield use might share the fate of the big bombs of which Mr. McNamara proudly (and so frequently) boasts.

Apparently Bishop Hannan has been convinced that this is indeed the real danger; that it is not so much the prospect of cities and all their inhabitants being wiped out in an instant's flash which should concern the Council but, rather, the likelihood that Schema 13 as it now stands would do little "Davy Crocket" an injustice. We may now look forward to a concentrated effort to introduce a battery of modifications, distinctions, and exclusions which will effectively negate even the modest intentions of the Schema's framers and, in the process, slam shut the doors that were opened by John XXIII in *Pacem in Terris*. Until now the ball has been carried by those theologians who have blocked any all-out denunciation of nuclear weapons by creating phantom fleets-at-sea and imaginary desert fortresses which could serve as hypothetical legitimate targets—a game to which the Archbishop of Liverpool has now added the limitless regions of outer space! The new approach, however, will be to insist upon framing the morality of nuclear weapons in terms of tactical weapons having very limited ranges and having a payload equivalent in destructive capacity to 40 tons of TNT, while ignoring the larger strategic weapons.

In setting forth the rules of the new game, the experts will, of course, omit the fact that the bulk of our nuclear arsenal and expenditures for its maintenance consists of precisely those missiles and bombs which are designed to annihilate whole societies hundreds of times over. "Davy Crockett" and the other tactical weapons which constitute an infinitesimal fraction of our military budgets and rate scarcely a passing thought in our over-all contingency planning are to be the

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model we must use in making our theological judgments. Unfortunately, once this innocent-looking loophole finds its way into the moral theology handbook, the gates will have been opened wide enough to wheel in the superbombs as well. For who will then be qualified to question the "wisdom" and the intention of the military leader who decides under the pressure of "military necessity" to nudge us ever so gently upward along the nuclear ladder the experts have so thoughtfully constructed? The great love our theologians and bishops have for the virtue of prudence ought to convince them that the safest course is to eliminate all possibility of such escalation in advance. And this can only be accomplished by the forthright condemnation of all forms of nuclear weapons. After all, if "Davy Crockett" is no more effective than 40 tons of TNT there should be little lost if our military forces are denied this substitute in the interest of the greater good of eliminating any possible confusion about the injustice of weapons designed to eliminate the major cities of the world.

THE DISCUSSION to this point has not reached the heart of the matter. A far more basic objection to Bishop Hannan's position concerns his assumption that the episcopal blessing can be given to even the type of tactical weapon he describes. His direct statement to the effect that "it may be permitted to use these arms, with their limited effect, against military objects in a just war, according to Catholic theology" raises some extremely crucial questions related to the more basic issue of the morality of modern war itself.

Since the end of World War II our attention and concern have been focused so intently upon the moral implications of nuclear war (and with such good reason) that we have come to regard other forms of modern war, those employing the so-called "conventional" weapons, as a desirable alternative. Much praise has been heaped upon the Kennedy and Johnson administrations for expanding the range of options in this respect. Under the circumstances, it is well that we give some serious thought to the point so forcefully introduced by Cardinal Alfrink: that the moment has come, not only to denounce the "clean" as well as the "dirty" bombs, but also the very idea that a "just war" is at all possible today. It is on this point that he and others have found cause for dissatisfaction with Schema 13 as it now reads. It simply does not go far enough!

The Catholic theology of war to which Bishop Hannan alludes incorporates two central and absolutely essential themes: discrimination and limitation. In one sense, all of the conditions for the just war developed by Scholastic and neo-Scholastic theologians can be reduced to these themes.

Thus, the first clearly requires that *only the unjust aggressor is to be the object of attack*. From this derives the insistence that all who do not bear a substantial, even primary, responsibility for whatever injustice or aggression has been committed may not be made to suffer injury through whatever steps are taken to counteract them. Such acts of war as indiscriminate bombings of civilian centers (even with conventional bombs), starvation blockades, holding innocents (whether individuals or entire populations) hostage, etc., are morally indefensible simply because they do not discriminate between those who are guilty and those who are not. One might immediately object, of course, that this is quite irrelevant to the question being argued here. The "Davy Crockett" was designed for battlefield use and, as such, can be restricted in its effects to enemy combatants. Prescinding for the sake of brevity from the interesting but somewhat peripheral, question of how much "guilt" can be attributed to the modern soldier who, in most instances, has been conscripted against his will or with a minimum of consent on his part, the more compelling answer to this objection is found in the principle of limitation. The traditional teachings on the proper conduct of war have always required that *only so much injury be done to the unjust aggressor as is necessary to induce him to desist from further aggression.*

A visit to any basic training camp and the most cursory observation of bayonet practice and sharpshooting targets would probably give us a sufficiently clear idea of just how much thought our capable and wise military experts are giving to moral niceties of this order. How much more unlikely that they would give any greater measure of consideration to this principle in their use of battlefield nuclear weapons—even assuming it were *possible* for them to do so. It should not be too hard to realize that an enemy soldier anywhere near the spot where this precious "Davy Crockett" warhead happens to explode will have little chance to repent and to decide to refrain from further aggression. It would be quite pointless anyway, for there would be no way of sparing the repentant ones who did decide to lay down their arms.

Perhaps Bishop Hannan does have a valid point after all. His objection was to the Schema's general reference to nuclear weapons "whose effects cannot be imagined" and it was to counter this that he described the other nuclear weapons "which have a very precise limit of destruction." But the conclusion he drew seems faulty. The big bombs deserve to be condemned for the reason cited in the Schema; "Davy Crockett" deserves to be condemned for the very reason he proposed in its defense. Its effects can indeed be well calculated in advance, but it should also be acknowledged that these known effects exceed any rationally permissible limits, according to traditional Christian standards, at least.

The principle of limitation was recognized as late as

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1941 by the Committee on Ethics of the Catholic Association for International Peace in a pamphlet setting forth "certain practices, only too common in warfare, which the natural law cannot approve, condone, or connive at under any condition or circumstance." Included among these forbidden practices was "the deliberate aim of a soldier at a vital organ of an unwary enemy when the inflicting of a wound would prove amply effective." We have come a long way since then. There is hardly anyone to object today to blankets of napalm fire spread over entire villages—women, children, and all. And now even a bishop is prepared to stand before the world to "approve" and "condone" a weapon which can be dropped upon unwary enemies two or three miles distant and which has the properties to consume them instantly and irradiate the whole area of impact and everything in it.

It should be noted in passing that the CAIP has not lagged behind in accepting this descent to inhumanity. One can still encounter literalists in Europe or (more rarely) in America who are misled by the name into regarding this as something of a "pacifist" organization. Whatever peace-mongering taint it may have had at its inception, this semi-official affiliate of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has long since purified itself. Even the pamphlet cited here was published to correct any potential tendency toward pacifist extremism among Catholics in the period of American preparations for entry into World War II; since the end of the war, the CAIP has distinguished itself as a dedicated proponent of the whole range of collective security alignments and nuclear deterrence policies put forth by the government. The Ethics Committee pamphlet, and others like it, have been out of print and unavailable for decades; the only denunciations the CAIP is likely to issue today are reserved for Catholics or others who dare to question the propriety of a situation which finds the official spokesmen of the Church in America helping to support the nuclear umbrella.

IT IS QUITE in keeping with all of this that the Catholic experts who framed the protest against Schema 13 should turn out to be the same men who have been prominent as officers of the CAIP or star performers in conferences the organization has helped to arrange in the past. True, they submitted their petition as individuals and were careful to insist that they were not voicing CAIP policy (or State and Defense Department policy either—which is tantamount these days to saying the same thing three ways). Despite such disclaimer, however, there is good reason to fear that their known association with this affiliate of the bishops' official NCWC apparatus will lend considerable weight to the objections they raise. It may well be that this has already happened, that Bishop Hannan's intervention is just a public statement of the position other American bishops have advanced in secret.

If so, we are reduced to the sad state of affairs in which American Catholics who would repudiate this nation's shameful record with respect to the development and use of nuclear weapons must look to European and African bishops to state the case for them. How much better if our episcopal spokesmen had found it possible to demonstrate the degree of detachment and objectivity needed to lead the Council to a clear and unambiguous condemnation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki—and Coventry, Dresden, and Tokyo too—and then to persuade the Fathers to extend their condemnation to the weapons and "total war" strategies which made these atrocities possible. This accomplished, it would be but a next logical step, taking their lead from *Pacem in Terris*, to address themselves to Cardinal Alfrink's far more basic question of whether the "just war" itself is even conceivable in our nuclear age.

The next, and presumably final, session of Vatican II will tell the tale. It is of utmost importance, therefore, that every effort be made now to marshal an effective Catholic opinion to oppose the kind of argument set forth by Bishop Hannan. Whether the lead be taken by individuals or by such organizations as PAX and the newly-formed Catholic Peace Fellowship, our bishops must be reminded that it is for them and their colleagues in Rome to decide these issues *as moral experts* and not permit themselves to be diverted from this task by the frantic protests of military experts over the possible danger of disturbing the intricate balance of terror they are so desperately trying to maintain. This past session of the Council has given us great cause for satisfaction and pride. Significant progress has been made toward the necessary reorganization and revivification of the Church which will certainly lead to a renewal of its effectiveness as the spiritual community charged with the redemption of the world. Our American bishops have made important contributions to these and other still pending accomplishments. It would be tragic indeed if the Council were now to end its work on a note of failure by refusing to face the full moral challenge posed by modern war and nuclear weapons. It would be doubly tragic if that failure were to come about because the Fathers were misled into accepting the strangely distorted order of priority which would put concern for the future of battlefield weapons like the "Davy Crockett" ahead of the over-riding need to protect humankind itself against the threat to its continued existence that is inherent in the willingness to accept *any* form of nuclear destruction as a legitimate means of war.

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After J. Edgar, who?

WILLIAM TURNER

On November 18, 1964, J. Edgar Hoover, the old bulldog of the FBI, held a press conference. The occasion was, to say the least, singular – and in two respects. For one, Hoover rarely indulged in a give-and-take press session. For the other, he tossed aside the usual script warning of decaying morals and Reds on college campuses to fulminate at length against an array of distinguished and respected American public figures and institutions. In the span of one briefing he managed to brand Nobel Peace Prize winner Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. "the most notorious liar in the country," label justices of the Supreme Court "bleeding hearts" for insisting a prisoner be arraigned within twenty-four hours, place the onus of urban crime on the shoulders of "lenient" judges, scold the Warren Commission for slapping the FBI's wrists in the Lee Harvey Oswald affair, and once again take a swipe at the proposed national crime commission (to combat organized crime) advocated by the late President Kennedy, the late Senator Estes Kefauver, Bobby Kennedy and many other experts.

The intemperate outburst touched off a furor. The issue was not so much whether Hoover was right or wrong, or whether everyone was out of step save J. Edgar. Since the monumental boggle at Dallas it had become increasingly clear that it was the old G-man himself who was losing his magic touch. Rather, it was the fact that he said it: two generations of Americans that had come to regard Hoover as a permanent fixture were shocked by the sudden realization that he had unaccountably made himself a storm center of controversy – and thus terminated his usefulness as the nation's top G-man. But as the echo of his bitter valediction faded, a question arose that no one had really given much thought to: After J. Edgar, who?

It is indeed difficult to ponder on the fate of an FBI without Hoover; The Man, as his associates call him, has been widely regarded as irreplaceable and, ironically, it has been the currency of such rumors that has helped perpetuate him in office. But General Motors didn't flounder when its president, Charles E. Wilson, went to Washington in 1953, nor did Ford when Robert McNamara abdicated to become the present Secretary of Defense. Neither will the FBI when Hoover turns in his badge.

The FBI as an organization is one of the phenomena of our times: no agency of government has ever been so universally adulated and pampered yet largely unfathomed by the general public. The Bureau as it exists today is solely the product of Hoover's dynamic ambition; it is molded in his image and reflects not only his strong points but his weaknesses, caprices and prejudices as well. Yet the latter have been submerged by publicity techniques that grossly exaggerate his – and the Bureau's – accomplishments. The effect has been to generate a euphoria, rendering Hoover virtually untouchable (he recently bragged to an aide he wasn't "gettable") and placing the FBI on a pedestal. Neither condition is healthy in a democracy. Never again should an FBI chief be permitted to become so intimately identified with the organization that he is an institution in his own right and cannot be separated

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from it (at the other extreme: Britain's secret service cloaks its chief in total anonymity). And now is the time to partially decentralize the FBI, to reduce the breadth and scope that has bred undue power, influence and intimidatory potential.

The practical problem of course is how to retrench and modernize the FBI without adversely affecting the national security and the war on crime. To help in a solution, it is worthwhile to trace the Bureau's growth and acquisition of power, examine its accomplishments and faults, and determine precisely what its role should be.

In 1924, when Hoover took over as director, the FBI was a modest force of 402 special agents and 99 clerks, about the size of today's Secret Service. At the time the post of director was of such little consequence that appointment was not subject to presidential or congressional approval. Under the relentless Hoover the Bureau has burgeoned to over 16,000 employees consuming an annual budget of $150 million, some one-hundredfold more than the early days. And as it flourished a natural metamorphosis took place: a once compact elite force (4 special agents to each clerk) became a ponderous, sprawling bureaucracy (almost 10,000 more clerks than agents).

This beadledom presides over a jurisdictional domain encompassing 170 areas of criminality – everything from bank robbery and extortion to illegal use of the Smokey Bear emblem and interstate transportation of switchblade knives – and all areas of internal security, including subversion, sabotage, counterespionage and loyalty investigations. In the past decade the FBI has poked more and more into non-statutory fields on behalf of the executive branch, often treading on tenuous ground as in the steel price dispute two years ago when agents rousted reporters out of bed in the middle of the night for interrogation. Under the last Republican administration these inquiries reached a peak from which they have never tapered off, and consequently are referred to in the FBI as "Eisenhowers."

All of this is a far cry from the narrow intent in which the FBI was conceived. In 1924 the Bureau was responsible for only a modest patchwork of federal laws. Essentially, it enforced criminal statutes not specifically assigned to Treasury Department agencies and other special units. But Hoover was too much of an entrepreneur to permit of status quo: some duties he actively proselytized, others stuck to the FBI like lint to a flannel suit. Not all logically dovetailed, and some were anomalous. As a result there was a substantially vertical expansion that saw the Bureau prying into a larger and larger cross-section of the American society.

HOOVER AND THE FBI have quite rightly earned their niche in history. But the success story was not written overnight. During the first eight years under the young director there was little to shout about. The FBI sat pretty much on the sidelines while Elliot Ness and his T-men (Treasury Department) wore down Al Capone and the prohibition era gangsters.

A wild gunman named John Herbert Dillinger changed all that. It was the era of Wonderful Nonsense, and Dillinger got into the spirit of things by almost singlehandedly terrorizing the midwest. To be sure, he had a colorful supporting cast with outrageously hammy nicknames: "Prettyboy" Floyd, "Babyface" Nelson, "Machinegun" Kelly, "Kreepy" Karpis, et al. But in retrospect they seem tawdry and garish, as outlandish as country bumpkins (which they were) in an executive suite compared with the contemporary emperors of million-dollar *Cosa Nostra* syndicates. Nevertheless they possessed a reckless stamina that attracted lurid newspaper accounts of their escapades.

Congress responded to public clamor by enacting a host of new federal laws, among them bank robbery, kidnapping and interstate stolen cars. Given jurisdiction, steely-eyed G-men routed the enemy with a flurry of gangbusting, shoot-'em-up tactics that fascinated the nation. By the time the last public enemy had been snuffed out Hoover and his minions had captivated the popular imagination.

At this propitious moment the FBI chief received an urgent summons from President Franklin D. Roosevelt, one of his staunchest admirers. War clouds were gathering in Europe and there was evidence beyond doubt that enemy agents were abroad in the United States. What the country needed, F.D.R. told Hoover, was an agency to assume overall liability for subversive and counterespionage activity. The FBI, he added anticlimactically, was it.

With this grave burden the FBI agent force was strengthened to over 4,000. To its credit, the Bureau proceeded to belabor the Nazi bunds and fronts with the same rawish skill it had displayed against the criminal public enemies. When war came it rounded up German spies with equal energy, although some seemingly sensational feats were purposely overblown to boost civilian morale and deter the Nazis from sending over more spies. At war's end Hoover claimed that there had not been a single perpetration of foreign-directed sabotage. But while the FBI had been preoccupied with thwarting the comparatively crude Nazi agents, their polished Russian counterparts managed the greatest espionage coup since the Trojan horse: the theft of vital atom bomb secrets.

Of course this debacle was not discovered until 1949 when the Soviets detonated an atomic device years in advance of their estimated timetable. But in 1945, flush with seeming success, Hoover pressed to take over the overseas intelligence functions of the wartime Office of Strategic Services then being disbanded. Perhaps de-

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terred by Hoover's manifest proclivity for empire-building, then-President Harry Truman turned thumbs down on the G-man's bid and instead created what is now the Central Intelligence Agency.

The rebuff only temporarily stunted the FBI's growth in the postwar period. It continued to pursue bank robbers and kidnappers with an efficacy made all the more remarkable by the fact that the bandits now were largely rank amateurs unidentifiable by a distinct *modus operandi*. It dramatized its efforts versus these consistently drab adversaries by inaugurating the Ten Most Wanted Fugitives Program and encouraging a spate of movies, books and feature articles glorifying the G-men and their exploits. (Washington wits cracked: "When other agencies blunder they make excuses. When the FBI blunders it just makes another movie.")

On the security front FBI paid informers burrowed deep into the ranks of the Communist Party, enabling G-men to study the conspiratorial maze as one watches an ant farm. Gradually the Party, enfeebled by FBI penetration, plagued by waning appeal in a prosperous nation and riddled by internal dissension and defection, dwindled to but a few thousand members. Ironically, the FBI, through dues paid by its honeycomb of informers, became the largest contributor to a Party treasury barren of cash. Yet Hoover persisted in trumping up the menace. The Party, he said in 1964 appropriations testimony, "wields an influence and constitutes a security danger far out of proportion to its membership." Besides, he added, the Party isn't as small as everyone thought – there are 10,000 actual members and at least 100,000 "state of mind" members, meaning dupes and Comsymps. His authority for these figures? None other than Gus Hall, the top Red. Both, it seemed, didn't want anyone believing the Party is merely a paper tiger.

In the late 'forties the FBI irretrievably shed its purely criminal investigative character and became an instrument of administrative policing. It handled applicant screening investigations for the Atomic Energy Commission and Civil Service Commission and conducted loyalty probes on government employees and employees of firms with government contracts.

As with the anarchist hysteria that gripped the country after World War I, this was a time of Red phobia, of supposed "interlocking subversion" rooted deeply in government. It was the heyday of the archconservative Senator Joe McCarthy and his State Department alter ego, W. Scott McLeod, an ex-FBI agent turned security officer whom the Alsop brothers described as a "road-company McCarthy." Hoover not only expressed admiration for McCarthy as "a vigorous individual who is not going to be pushed around," but he had no compunctions over borrowing certain of McCarthy's tactics, in particular the use of faceless informants, a concept that in a later, calmer hour was to be viewed as a dangerous abrogation of the basic American right to confrontation of the accuser.

"When the F.B.I. blunders it just makes another movie."

As the jet age arrived the FBI was called upon to cope with the rash of aircraft hijackings, bombings, bomb hoaxes and other exotic crimes. Still, car theft remained the Bureau's bread-and-butter category – the largest single source of what Hoover refers to as "statistical accomplishments."

One of the paradoxes of the latter-day Bureau is that its impressive conviction rate has not extended to civil rights violations in the South, a record starkly out of kilter with its demonstrated ability in other areas. The Bureau has not made imposing headway in solving the wave of home bombings, church burnings and other acts of terror visited on Negroes. Indeed, until the firm hand of Bobby Kennedy was laid on the FBI's shoulder, the sight of an agent delving into civil rights matters was a curiosity in the South. The FBI, sadly, has been only as effective as it has been forced to be: journalists William Bradford Huie and Louis Lomax knew early in the game who lynched three civil rights workers in Mississippi last summer, a formidable number of whites in the region knew, yet FBI arrests came with pointed timing only days after Dr. King's charge of heel-dragging. To be sure, there is often a gap between knowledge and proof, but it seems incredible that a bureau able to riddle the Communist Party with informers could not have long ago duplicated the feat with the Ku Klux Klan, known to have been implicated in practically every premeditated act of racial violence South of the Mason-Dixon line.

The reason is that the FBI hierarchy is sympathetic to the segregationist, states'-rights viewpoint. For example, in 1955 a northern-bred agent based in Savannah, Georgia, was conducting a personnel investigation of a Negro applicant for a position at the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary. The Negro, the agent learned, was a high caliber person and a university graduate. The only possible blot on his record was an account for collection listed by the local credit bureau. The agent, a thorough,

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incisive investigator, inquired of the woman in charge of the credit bureau as to the circumstances of the collection. She balked at revealing the information, but the agent persisted, explaining that as it stood the collection could be construed as disqualifying derogatory data. Finally, the woman acknowledged that the collection was merely the outgrowth of a dispute over the purchase of a faulty radio. But she later filed a complaint against the agent with local FBI headquarters, charging he had been too determined to get the information. Although it turned out the woman had recently been hospitalized as a psychopath, FBI officials summarily demanded the agent's resignation on the vague grounds of "action unbecoming an agent."

THE BIAS IS NOT wholly ideological. There is the practical fact that the FBI offices rely heavily on local police for statistical sustenance. But for the most part it lies in the strong personality and peculiar orientation of Hoover himself, from whom all FBI policy ultimately flows.

Hoover is a product of the old school: straight-laced, self-righteous, pompous, uncompromising. His class consciousness reflects in his cool aloofness towards his own agents and his hesitance in hiring Negroes. Until Kennedy, Negro agents in the FBI could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Even the title "special agent" was nominal: one Negro was a manservant in the director's office, the others were used in servile duties such as chauffeuring the director in his limousine while on "working vacations" about the country. But since the pressure has been on Hoover he has recruited a total of twenty-seven Negro agents and claims they have compiled a "brilliant" record. But as one disgruntled white agent gripes, "if the Negro agents so much as take a crap Hoover sends them a letter of commendation."

This, of course, is the show business side of the Bureau. However, the simple fact remains that the evangelical fervor that consumes the FBI chief when he speaks of anti-Communism and ridding the city streets of crime is not kindled by the cause of racial equality. A Trumpet of Gideon had sounded from Ninth and Pennsylvania, all right, but it wasn't Hoover who had pursed his lips and blown, as he had so often in causes closer to his heart – it was Bobby Kennedy.

Understandably, political factors underlie Bureau policy in civil rights, and for that matter other issues. Nobody but a tourist from Iowa would believe that Hoover has survived forty years and six administrations in the Washington political jungle through sheer popularity. Not that he plays a conventional game of partisan politics; he does not. Hoover affinity transcends party lines: he is drawn as if by a magnet to the philosophy of ultra-conservatism, where patriotism is defined in jingoistic platitudes, xenophobia is the one true religion, and the tides of social reform are inevitably tinged Red.

Over the years Hoover has amassed a fiercely loyal power bloc in Congress formed of men of like persuasion: Karl Mundt of South Dakota, the late Styles Bridges of New Hampshire (Bridges' secretary later became an influential FBI official), Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin and James O. Eastland of Mississippi. It is not a merely doctrinaire coalition, rather it practices political give-and-take. It is no secret that data from confidential FBI files has occasionally leaked to a favored Congressional few. In 1957 Republican Kenneth Keating of New York sponsored an FBI-sought bill that rebuffed the Supreme Court decision in the Jencks case; in 1962 Keating was acclaimed a prophet for breaking the news of Soviet missile sites in Cuba before the Kennedy administration decided to release it – the existence of the sites was known to the FBI through its seat on the high-echelon United States Intelligence Board.

The solidarity of Hoover's alliance with Southern archconservatives was sharply illustrated following a critical radio broadcast by former FBI agent Jack Levine in 1962. Over the Pacifica network, a three-station hookup noted for its unexpurgated programming, Levine leveled a broadside of charges at his erstwhile boss, Hoover, alleging everything from procrustean personnel management and a heavy list to the political right, to inertness in civil rights investigations.

Such impertinence was not to go unpunished. Senator Eastland, the eminent segregationist, launched what was called in the newspapers a "Red probe" of Pacifica, the vehicle being his own Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. Outwardly, the Subcommittee was troubled over the fact Pacifica had extended air time to Mrs. Dorothy R. Healey, Communist Party chairman for southern California. However, Eastland's sudden concern over this exercise of free speech was innately curious: Mrs. Healey had been broadcasting intermittently for three years as an open Communist spokesman. More to the point was that Eastland called the probe only a month after Levine's dissent, and did it so swiftly and secretively that several Subcommittee members learned about it in the newspapers. As Ernest Besig, Northern California director of the American Civil Liberties Union, aptly put it: "One of the sacred cows of the Internal Security Committee was sinned against and now somebody's got to pay the piper."

The Subcommittee went ahead with its ritual. About the only fresh fact it unearthed was that George Lincoln Rockwell, the American Nazi Fuehrer, and John Birch Society zealots also had their say over Pacifica airwaves. But the Red brush had been swiped over Pacifica and, inferentially, over Levine, perpetuating the shabby myth that criticism of Hoover and the Bureau is always engineered by the radical left.

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Shackled to the political old guard of the right, the FBI has interpreted its latitude in civil rights narrowly and failed to apply the "tricks of the trade," as Hoover refers to FBI techniques, quite as enthusiastically as in kidnappings, bank robberies and other pet crimes. Thus has the director remained loyal to the powerful faction under whose aegis he has stood firm through the treacherous shifting sands of a half dozen administrations. Indeed, it may have been these entangling alliances of forty years' standing that prompted Senator Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois to introduce a bill limiting the term of future directors to fifteen years (another provision of the 1962 bill: appointment to the post must be confirmed by both the President and Congress).

The same sacrosanct longevity that has allowed Hoover's parochialism to color official policy has generated serious internal difficulties in the Bureau. For the past decade and longer, agents in the field have viewed with misgivings a definite trend: Hoover has grown more distant and unapproachable, more acutely sensitive to his own image and more insensible to the problems of the field.

As historical precedent would suggest under this condition, a cult of the personality has sprung up about the director. Traditionally, the cultists are those who require the institution more than it requires them. It has been their formula to isolate The Man from the grass roots and instill a megalomania about his office. Thus "embarrassment to the Bureau" (read: ". . . to J. Edgar Hoover") has become the cardinal sin, and fear of committing that sin, however indeliberate, has transformed the Bureau into a society bordering on the paranoiac. Every agent has witnessed its syndromes: for example, veteran agents slipping out the back door when a bank robbery alarm sounds, not out of fear of facing a gunman but out of fear of a situation loaded with potential of "embarrassment to the Bureau." Every agent has seen its irrational wrath: the agents who had a hand in the Oswald file were censured, suspended and transferred despite Hoover's public protestations that the Warren Commission was wrong and the FBI was blameless.

As each agent knows, there have been far too many capable men lost through this attitude, but as he also knows, anything less than complete obsequity labels him a "disruptive influence," the mortal culpability in a bureaucracy. And this is economic: he simply cannot afford to see the doors of industry and commerce slam shut at Hoover's frown. Moreover, and perhaps more to the quick, there is nothing to be gained by candid expression. I once discussed this dilemma with several members of Congress. Representative of their collective disposition was the comment of Senator Henry Jackson of Washington: "Congress long ago awarded Hoover such sweeping powers it is now powerless to do anything about it."

"Hoover has grown more distant and unapproachable"

IT IS THIS UNTOUCHABILITY, this realization of a supine Congress, that is most disturbing to the agents. Certainly, they agree, a bureau chief must have full authority, but it must be tempered by higher authority. It is basic to our democratic processes that Congress evaluate the manner in which government agencies – particularly police agencies – discharge their public trust, but evaluation requires information, and the looming figure of J. Edgar Hoover has effectively choked off the unorthodox voice. The FBI operates at its own pleasure, unrestrained by customary checks and balances.

So it would be the agents' preference that the new face in the director's chair be a more anonymous face. There are other reasons: they do not consider it the place of a police chief to mold public opinion, but to implement it, and frequently disagree with tentative public statements of Hoover that are beyond the bounds of FBI interest yet carry the weight of his official position. And they are a bit chagrined by the Hollywoodization of the FBI, feeling that constantly trying to live up to an image detracts from investigative objectivity.

If they had their say, the agents would insist that their new boss be a professional law enforcement officer – a man of substantial field experience, not merely an organizer and administrator – so that he would be better equipped to understand and deal logically with the problems of the field. As they are aware, this qualification would eliminate as candidates the so-called Anonymous Nine – the assistant directors reporting directly to Hoover.

There is not a paucity of able candidates. One who comes immediately to mind is Richard V. Ogilvie, the outstanding sheriff of Cook County (Chicago). Ogilvie emerged from World War II duty as a tank commander and Purple Heart recipient to earn a reputation as a tough and incorruptible foe of organized crime, spearheading midwestern operations of the Attorney General's Special Group that investigated and prosecuted the *Cosa Nostra* overlords who conspired at Apalachin

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in 1957. Despite being relatively unknown, Ogilvie recently was singled out by *Life* magazine as one of the hundred most important Americans under age forty. Many others of his calibre are available.

A number of factors weigh on the FBI's future makeup. Perhaps the most vital is whether the agency should continue to be burdened with both criminal and security duties. The combination is unique: no other major power in the world houses these totally unrelated functions under one roof. Originally they were blended by chance: Roosevelt found it convenient, under the exigencies of impending war, to drop security in the FBI's lap.

Practically, however, the two fields are as immiscible as oil and water. Techniques that catch bank robbers and car thieves don't necessarily catch spies. Counterespionage is a subtle cat-and-mouse game totally unsuited to the cop mentality that tends to be heavy-handed and light-thinking. The FBI was designed as a crimebusting agency and remains so orientated – I have seen agents detached from security duties to help in programs to bolster lagging criminal statistics. Agents are not selected for any particular adaptability to counterespionage work and are frequently rotated to different assignments.

True, the Bureau has thoroughly infiltrated Communist Party ranks. But the CP is essentially an overt political activist organization, not to be confused with the cloak-and-dagger Soviet spy apparatus whose sophisticated operatives work under strict orders never to risk exposure by contact with the Party. The FBI's slate against the real pros – the "illegals" who slip into the country surreptitiously – is not reassuring. In only one instance has the Bureau been able to ferret out an illegal completely on its own, without tips from the CIA or other sources (the agent who accomplished the feat was shortly afterward ousted from the service for contesting personnel policy).

Another factor bearing on counterespionage efficacy is liaison. Under current delimitations the CIA, answerable for worldwide intelligence and counterespionage, cannot tread on the FBI's toes at home: theoretically, CIA can't even chase a spy around Foggy Bottom but must call in the G-men. Thus, in a field in which the tiniest scrap of information may crack a whole spy ring, the inherently awkward process of liaison must be relied upon. Obviously, all hinges on total magnanimity of exchange. Yet the same obstacle looms as with Secret Service in Dallas: interagency jealousies and friction. As veteran Washington reporter Andrew Tully puts it in his book *The CIA: An Inside Story:* "It is a fact that over the years the CIA and the FBI have not always regarded each other with the warmth of kissing cousins."

In the long run it might prove advantageous to transfer the FBI's counterespionage obligations to the CIA, which specializes in the type of work and recruits its agents because of particular qualifications. Additionally, this would release the FBI to concentrate more intently on today's Public Enemy Number One: organized crime.

Since the thirties the face of major league crime has changed drastically. The egomaniac Dillinger would spin is his grave to know that housewives, plumbers, salesmen and mechanics now infest the bank robbery field and that auto theft is largely the sport of juvenile joyriders. A self-respecting professional hoodlum now only enters a bank to deposit a bagful of revenue from the lucrative organized rackets that range from labor racketeering and illegal gambling to business extortion and high-class prostitution.

The FBI, by virtue of its affluence and prestige, is the logical agency to be thrust at the vanguard of a concerted program to wipe out the syndicates. But under Hoover the Bureau has been a reluctant dragon: it is one of the more perplexing paradoxes of history that major crime and the FBI have flourished simultaneously. Hoover clearly wanted no part of the fight: he alternately claimed that organized crime didn't exist or shunted it aside as a local problem.

Bobby Kennedy knew better; when he became Attorney General he was brimful of determination that something should be done. The something he had long advocated was a national crime commission to direct the effort. But out of deference to the sensibilities of Hoover, who acted grossly offended by proposals to create a separate agency to do the job he demeaned, Kennedy resorted to the devious means of setting up an anti-organized crime nerve-center within the Department of Justice. It was not a very likely base, but as a pro tem measure to resolve the stalemate Kennedy's brainchild has been remarkably effective, hinting at what is in store when the FBI finally sounds the clarion call to battle.

A genuine offensive against organized crime would entail cooperation between police groups along the battle line – federal, state and local. In turn this would necessitate a rapprochement between the FBI and the others, who have come to resent its highhandedness and air of superiority. Fourteen years ago Senator Estes Kefauver, after hearing the bleat of police officials throughout the country in the course of his committee's rackets probe, concluded that exchange of information was pretty much a "one-way street" running in the FBI's direction. For the most part this feeling has smouldered subsurface – few police officials will talk about it openly – principally because the local agencies depend on the Bureau for fingerprint and laboratory services and for invitations to the prestigious FBI National Academy. But recently it erupted in open feuding: the Los Angeles police were fuming mad over the FBI's shroud of secrecy in the Frank Sinatra, Jr. kid-

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napping; the California Highway Patrol was incensed over tight-lipped G-men not advising of dangerous fugitives in a patrolled area; the Dallas police, acutely aware of their own shortcomings, didn't appreciate being blamed for the Bureau's. Things never have been exactly famous with the New York City police.

This Big Brother concept could be softened in several ways. For one, the fingerprint files, used most extensively by the local police, could be returned to their control (the FBI took them over from the International Association of Chiefs of Police in 1930) along with the federal appropriation now allotted to the FBI for their maintenance. For another, the federal government might yield jurisdiction in a number of overlapping areas essentially local in nature, notably stolen cars, some 80 percent of which are physically recovered by local patrols. The FBI could then confine its activity to large car theft rings and other cases where interstate traffic is more than a technicality. At the same time the appropriations committee of Congress could abet this move by declaring a moratorium on naked statistics as a measure of achievement, thereby soothing any lingering sense of loss by the FBI and formulating a qualitative criterion of performance for the future.

Finally, there is the question of the FBI's unadulterated files, hoarded over decades, that contain a surfeit of black fact, gossip and rumor about every public figure and common citizen that has crossed its path. As political satirist Fletcher Knebel has expressed it: Success isn't always what you know or who you know, but sometimes, what you know about who you know.

The upshot of these files has been to grant the FBI a kind of uneasy immunity from official scrutiny and censure – a devil's advocate has never materialized to plead the case contra to Hoover's canonization. But of more automatic concern is that the files might serve as a bridgehead to an omniscient, authoritarian central police. Where Hoover has shown admirable restraint, his heir or succeeding heirs might not.

The only certain way to cancel the intimidatory peril of the files is to dilute them; the only way to dilute them is to disperse the myriad functions responsible for their concentration. Several proposals in this direction have already been mentioned. Perhaps the most urgent measure would be to distribute non-statutory inquiries at the behest of the executive branch among the several federal investigative agencies, thus ensuring that no one agency retains all the dossiers.

Centuries ago the Roman poet Juvenal asked the ageless question: "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" It was a rhetorical question, for Juvenal well knew the answer: the people. It is the people who must keep eternal vigilance, it is the people that must draw the police reins tight. And as they watch the watchers they must take care that they really discern what they are seeing.

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BOOKS

Chaplin's Autobiography

by Robert Tracy

And so the screen begins to flicker, and the blurred gray slumscape appears, jerky, faded, waiting for something to happen, the dim buildings, the empty windows, the misty cobbled streets, the battered ash-cans. The inhabitants move innocently about their mysterious affairs, dressed in clothing so long worn that it has become a loose shabby skin upon each dim form. There is music, a piano tinkling in a bravely sentimental music-hall tune, encouraging us as we look into that colorless and hopeless world, visited so often by Gogol and Dostoevsky and Zola (who emerges for a second from a cellar, then retreats), the world of the insulted and the injured. And then, suddenly, there he is, The Tramp, with all his odd and furtive elegance, his split gloves, his seedy tie and gray linen, his tight jacket and wilted boutonnière. Humbly optimistic, he advances diffidently, yet with the manners of a duke, into a world of surprises where innocence will finally prevail.

And so it is in *My Autobiography**. Abandoning the screen, Chaplin has turned to print and paper to tell us his favorite story once again, to show us The Tramp's comic and sentimental journey through mean streets in pursuit of beauty and a place to rest. It is no surprise to find Chaplin as writer using in this new medium his old film tricks of underplaying and understating. When we remember that he resisted the talkies because spoken words would make The Tramp limited and ordinary (he was silent until *The Great Dictator* in 1940, and then he made only a token surrender), we begin to understand why the book's most important revelation is never explicitly stated, even though it is implicit on every page, in every detail. Instead of explicit statement, Chaplin has chosen to insist upon his revelation again and again by showing us the same kind of episode or figure again and again, as in a silent movie, until the reader is forced to recognize the astonishingly close relationship between the author-actor and his persona of The Tramp, to realize that there is a continuous coalescence between the facts of Chaplin's life and The Tramp's adventures in the flickering old Keystone or Essanay two-reelers.

On the very first page this coalescence is stated in an episode, as Chaplin portrays himself as a child in the vanishing grandeur of the Kennington Road. The neighborhood is just beginning to be a slum. The houses of a few gentlefolk are still "inviolate," but most of them have become cheap rooming houses. There is an atmosphere of seedy elegance, of desperate poverty with some few outward traces of gentility, and there is Chaplin himself as a shabby child, standing in the road to watch the lordly manners of vaudevillians as they stroll outside their favorite pub before he returns to "our small garret . . . foul with stale slop and old clothes." His parents were separated. His father was a failed comedian, ruined by drink. His mother, billed as "the dainty and talented Lily Harley, Serio-comedienne, impersonator, dancer" until her voice gave way, sank into poverty and intermittent madness, leaving her two boys to the grudging care of their father's mistress or to the grim life of the parish workhouse.

The scenery and the action of Chaplin's early years are thus the scenery and the action of most of his movies. The figure of The Tramp, at once debonair gentleman and furtive scavenger, is created out of the poverty and gentility of the Kennington Road, out of the ragged child who watches the strolling actors, and out of the mixture of shabbiness and tinselled grandeur in his parents' lives. So thoroughly are The Tramp and the actor one that Chaplin can insist that he does not remember his other self's genesis, though he can remember when The Tramp choose to show himself to the world. Chaplin was already a veteran of fourteen years "on the halls," where he had evolved from one of a song and dance troupe to a comic mime in the Fred

*MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Charles Chaplin. New York: Simon and Schuster. 512 pp. $6.95

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Karno company. He arrived in Hollywood at twenty-four as a replacement for Ford Sterling, the chief of the Keystone Cops, who was leaving Mack Sennett to form his own company. In his first picture, *Making a Living* (February 1914), Chaplin found himself playing a reporter in a "light frock coat, a top hat and a handlebar mustache." The director refused to allow him any freedom in developing the part. But the more permissive Sennett was the director of his next picture, *Mabel's Strange Predicament*, and suddenly ordered him to "Put on a comedy make-up. Anything will do." On the way to the wardrobe The Tramp was created, his costume to be in everything "a contradiction: the pants baggy, the coat tight, the hat small and the shoes large." The mustache was an afterthought, when he remembered that Sennett had been dismayed at his youth. "I had no idea of the character," Chaplin recalls. "But the moment I was dressed, the clothes and the make-up made me feel the person he was . . . by the time I walked onto the stage he was fully born . . . I began to explain the character: 'You know this fellow is many-sided, a tramp, a gentleman, a poet, a dreamer, a lonely fellow, always hopeful of romance and adventure. He would have you believe he is a scientist, a musician, a duke, a polo player. However, he is not above picking up cigarette butts or robbing a baby of its candy. And, of course, if the occasion warrants it, he will kick a lady in the rear—but only in extreme anger!' "

It is possible to doubt this brief account of a miraculously sudden nativity, but I am convinced that it all happened just as Chaplin says it did. All of the book that leads up to this moment prepares us for it, and forces us to realize how inevitable it was that Chaplin should create this persona for himself, how all the incidents of his earlier life led him step by step to the moment when he emerged as the gentleman-tramp of seventy-seven films. Into the figure he put all that he knew and felt, all his awareness of squalor and insult and all his aspirations toward gentility, toward status, toward a certain extravagance even, all the terror at the frequent and sudden surprises which life holds for the poor, all that sense of being a pawn moved here and there by unknown forces which had been a constant feature of his early life.

CHAPLIN'S UNCERTAIN FAMILY LIFE and his desperate childhood are not the only factors which went into the shaping of that mixture of tramp and duke which is his comic creation. Again and again the dual figure recurs. At the age of eight, one of a troupe of infant clog dancers known as "The Eight Lancashire Lads," he and a friend dream of becoming a comedy act, "Bristol and Chaplin, the Millionaire Tramps" in "tramp whiskers and big diamond rings." In 1903 he appears as a ragged newsboy in *Jim, a Romance of Cockayne*, a sentimental melodrama about a tattered aristocrat known as the Duke, who has lost his memory and lives in a garret with a flower girl and the newsboy, and again there is the combination of rags, gentility, and romance. Working for Fred Karno, he scores his first success in *The Football Match*, immaculate in top hat, frock coat, cane, and spats, but he has a huge red nose, he cannot keep his pants up, and he is knocked about by a cretinous boob—sordid reality and pathetically brave pretence in equal parts. All his life, and most of his experience on the stage, are gathered up into The Tramp's deceptively sudden appearance on Mack Sennett's dusty lot.

Chaplin's early life created The Tramp's costume and his air of genteel poverty. His behavior before the cameras seems to owe a great deal to Fred Karno, who evolved the "comedy pantomime sketch" out of knockabout slapstick routines in the eighteen-nineties. Karno developed a kind of "slapstick comedy . . . performed to beautiful music à la ballet," and these often wordless little ballets are clearly the source of Chaplin's dance-like performance. ("He's nothing but a damned ballet dancer," W. C. Fields once snarled, adding grudgingly, "but he's funny.") Debussy and Nijinsky both told him that he was essentially a dancer, and in discussing his pictures he continually employs choreographic terms. Chaplin's first major contribution to the Keystone films was to introduce this comic ballet as a contrast to the frenzied action of the Keystone Cops, most of whom had been trained as circus clowns. His earliest difficulties with the Keystone Company came when he tried to gain a sympathetic hearing for his ideal of poetic comedy while all around him comedy followed the Sennett formula of thrown pies and mad pursuits. Chaplin, and later Buster Keaton and Stan Laurel (another Karno alumnus), realized that the motion picture comedy need not depend entirely on motion. It could develop "from slapstick to sentiment"—a development that Chaplin claims as his own innovation, first achieved in *The Kid* (1920) and employed in all of his subsequent pictures. Soon after *The Kid* the same mixture of slapstick and sentiment is apparent in Buster Keaton's *The Boat* (1921), *Cops* (1922), and especially in *The General* (1926). Like Chaplin, Keaton created a persona both downtrodden and poetic; Stan Laurel assumes the same mask as he is victimized by Hardy in the comedies they began to make together after 1926; later still, Harpo adds sentimental comedy to the wisecracks and frenzied slapstick of his brothers.

It is this same formula of slapstick and sentiment that Chaplin employs in the writing of *My Autobiography*—appropriately enough, since the book is a kind of re-make of *The Kid*, just as *The Kid* is a re-make of his own childhood. Solemn moments turn into farce, and farcical moments suddenly become sentimental. Speaking at a Liberty Bond rally during World War I, Chap-

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lin falls from the platform and knocks down Franklin Roosevelt. He quarrels with William Randolph Hearst amid the funereal splendors of San Simeon, and when the two sit in an antique double chair to talk out their differences they find themselves inextricably wedged together. In the summer of 1932 he meets Cocteau on shipboard; the two communicate rapturously for an entire evening, then become embarrassed and avoid each other furtively for the rest of the voyage, just as the millionaire had alternately embraced and ignored The Tramp in *City Lights* a year earlier. His pursuit of a young dancer named Hetty Kelly begins as bumbling comedy and turns into bittersweet romance as he meets her a few times in the morning mists of London, loses her for years, and then finds her again as a millionaire's wife—another echo of *City Lights*. In Europe in 1931 he picks up a girl, travels with her for a time, and then leaves her for good—she walks away from him imitating The Tramp's walk, just as Chaplin and Paulette Goddard were to walk away at the end of *Modern Times* (1936).

The entire book is thus a Chaplin comedy, and it is even proper that there should be an occasional comically pretentious sentence, written as The Tramp might have talked. A Miss Barry, met during World War II and later the plaintiff in the famous paternity suit against Chaplin, is described as "a big handsome woman of twenty-two, well built, with upper regional domes immensely expansive and made alluring by an extremely low décolleté summer dress, which, on the drive home, evoked my libidinous curiosity" (Mr. Richard Burton, in a brief critical comment, has objected to the last phrase as unbearably affected). As for the book's ending, that too is the ending of many a Chaplin comedy, as The Tramp enters into that world of comfort and recognition of which he has dreamed. Chaplin shows himself apotheosized into all that The Tramp had pretended to be. There are the adoring crowds, the swanky houses, the photographs as he chats with the great: Chaplin with Gandhi, Chaplin with Chou En-lai, Chaplin with President Auriol of France, Chaplin with the Queen of Spain, himself the more regal of the two, Chaplin with Pablo Casals, Chaplin with Ramsey MacDonald, with Hewlett Johnson, with Shaw and Lady Astor, with Pavlova, with Albert Einstein, with Churchill. He dines with Sartre, Picasso, and Louis Aragon, drinks with Khrushchev, drives with Nehru, lunches with the future George VI, and is important enough to be marked for assassination by Japanese militarists (his death, they reason, will provoke the United States to declare war; Charlie Chaplin, who conquered the Kaiser single-handed in *Shoulder Arms*, dreamed of playing Napoleon, and did play Hitler, is here oddly cast in the role of Archduke Franz Ferdinand).

It is in the second half of the book, which deals with these days of glory, that the reader is apt to become impatient. The writing becomes pretentious, the name-dropping more and more intense, and though The Tramp has earned his felicity the second 250 pages which describe that felicity are something of a bore. This is the portion of a hero's adventures which all good story tellers omit, or dimiss under the formula "he lived happily ever after." It is true that the years after success have not been entirely happy and uneventful. There are divorces, and the great reversal of fortune when Chaplin finds that the American public has turned against him, just after the war. But the occasional tone of shrillness, and the fact that these later pages offer only intermittent glimpses of The Tramp, of all that really interests us when Chaplin is mentioned, make them far less absorbing than what has gone before. They seem anti-climatic. As in *Easy Street* or *The Gold Rush*, we care only for The Tramp's struggle to make a place for himself. We need only the briefest view of his later prosperity.

SOME READERS, especially in the United States, may also feel some slight annoyance at Chaplin's politics, and at the apparent discrepancy between his snobbery and his claim of sympathy for the workers. But even this discrepancy is present in The Tramp, who is both aristocrat and proletarian. His creator has his joke now and then, as when he blandly remarks that he cannot believe in Shakespeare—no one so humbly born could possibly have had the genius to write the plays. But Chaplin's inevitable political sympathies, like the inevitable Tramp, are implicit in the entire account of his early life, and later he clarifies it for us to give us a key to his life, his politics, and his art: "Unlike Freud, I do not believe sex is the most important element in the complexity of behavior. Cold, hunger and the shame of poverty are more likely to affect one's psychology."

I do not want to suggest that the second half of the book is all politics and pomposity, however. In the very inevitability of the kind of life The Tramp would achieve for himself, and the kind of language he would use to talk about it, there is a delicate comedy. The Tramp was always the dispossessed duke. His manner always indicated that he really belonged among the rich and wellborn, and that only an inexpicable fate had excluded him from his rightful kingdom. His ordeal was to maintain his dignity while waiting patiently for his eventual restoration. But the restoration itself is comically pretentious. "If we were not so preoccupied with our family, we could have quite a social life in Switzerland," he assures us in the final chapter. "We live relatively near the Queen of Spain and the Count and the Countess Chevreau d'Antraigues, who have been most cordial to us, and there are quite a number of film stars and writers who live near. We often see George and Benita Sanders, and Noël Coward is also a neighbor

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. . . Truman Capote, who occasionally works in Switzerland, often drops by . . . In summer we dine on the terrace in shorts and stay out till ten watching the twilight. Often on the spur of the moment we decide to go to London and Paris, sometimes to Venice or Rome . . . Friends have asked me if I miss the United States . . . In candor I do not . . . I want the other side of the coin, a simpler personal sense of living." The Tramp has made it at last to his own place. As we watch him in the faded old films, we realize that, poetic though he is, we might find his perfect world a little banal, a little stuffy, and perhaps a little ostentatious. Grandee that he is, his promised land would be a place where he can chat comfortably with the Queen of Spain and mention it casually afterwards. The last chapters complete the pattern that is emphasized even in the bare record of his work, the list that begins with *A Romance of Cockayne* and his first film, *Making a Living*, and ends with *Limelight* and *The King in New York* (where, ironically, he can never be). As in *The Great Dictator*, The Tramp has been inexorably raised to the pinnacles by being himself.

Given so perfect a record of the coalescence between man and mask, and so full an explanation of what created both of them, it is impossible not to consider *My Autobiography* a great success for which a little pretentious writing, a little sententiousness are not too great a price to pay. There are a few disappointments, especially in the author's apparent lack of interest in the great comic artists who were his contemporaries and associates. Buster Keaton, Ford Sterling, Fatty Arbuckle, and Ben Turpin are mentioned only in passing. Chaplin's interest in them is so cursory that in his brief comment on Fatty's fall from public favor in 1922 he remarks that the comedian died "within a year or so" (exonerated from a rape and murder charge, but unacceptable to his old following, Fatty worked as a director until his death in 1933; Chaplin might have remembered the savagery with which the American public turned on one of its favorite jesters when he found himself pilloried in the same manner, and even on a similar charge). But we are not really surprised to learn that in Hollywood his only really close friend was the elder Douglas Fairbanks – the debonair ideal who represented so well all that to which The Tramp aspired. *My Autobiography* contains little film criticism. But it accurately charts the growth of a personality. It is, in a Wordsworthian paraphrase, the growth of a comedian's mind. We cannot conscientiously ask for more.

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The Unbearable Bellow

HERZOG by Saul Bellow. New York: Viking Press. 341 pp. $5.75.

Reviewed by MAXWELL GEISMAR, *an associate editor of* Ramparts, *who originally wrote this review for* Minority of One, *from which it is reprinted. Mr. Geismar is an authority on the American novel.*

DURING THE PAST two months I have been sick, and so I have had a chance to read again. I mean really to read – to read as though it counts, to read as though it might be your last chance ever to read again, to read for keeps. I read, for example, the short stories called *American Contemporary*, by a beautiful new California writer, Curtis Zahn. It is exciting to find a good new native writer, since there are so few of them; and many of those who start out with such promise, like Norman Mailer, end up – where? I read an excellent and entertaining volume of interviews by Roy Newquist called *Counterpoint* which will appear shortly; interviews of American writers mainly, from Louis Auchincloss and Truman Capote to William Inge, Elmer Rice, John Ciardi, Mark Van Doren and Erskine Caldwell – a cross-section of the writing craft in this country, good and bad, but very interesting.

I read loads of Mark Twain, marvelous at his best; and a new biography of Jack London and Herman Melville's *Bartleby* – what a mysterious story! – and just recently an advance copy of *Soul of Wood* by a Viennese-Jewish writer named Jakov Lind, short stories which are fantastic, terrifying, extraordinary, right up in the class of Gunther Grass and the Hochhuth of *The Deputy*. I regard these three German, or post-Germanic, or post-Nazi writers as our three top artists

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today among those I know. And then, starting two days ago, I made the mistake of reading the American novel which has had all the supreme reviews recently. It has been acclaimed as the masterpiece of the year and is almost sure to get the National Book Award, perhaps the Pulitzer Prize, and for all I know the Nobel Award too. I mean Saul Bellow's *Herzog*, and I regard the reception of this book as the great literary scandal of the year. All I can do to console myself is to remember that Mary McCarthy's *The Group* had the same reception last year, and both of these novels, I think, are complete sellouts, and both of these writers, by now, are completely commercial and corrupt.

Are these words extreme? Does a critic feel somewhat peculiar, to put it mildly, thus to interpose what he feels to be elementary truth against the whole weight and burden of the "received opinion" in our criticism today? "*Herzog* is a great book . . . almost perfect narrative art," says *The New York Times*. "The most fully achieved work of our best novelist . . . a literary event of the first importance," says *Newsweek*. "The finest stylist at present writing fiction in America," says that eminent Jamesian, Philip Rahv, in *The New York Herald-Tribune* Book Week. "Novel writing in the grand style of a Tolstoi – subjective, complete, heroic," says the *Chicago Tribune*, though I will admit this one makes me laugh. What is "subjective, complete, heroic"? And now add that notable literary critic of the *Saturday Review*, Granny Hicks: "*Herzog* reinforces my conviction that Bellow is the leading figure in American fiction today." Well, anybody who could put out such a wooden phrase as "reinforces my conviction" should not really be expected to know a good writer. But harken also to Brendan Gill – who is a good stylist absolutely raving about the same novel in *The New Yorker*.

Well, there are curious ambiguities and give-aways in the Brendan Gill piece, such as "of this double confidence game Saul Bellow is a master." Amen to that, and perhaps my trouble is that I still take literature and books and novelists seriously. I don't regard them as a confidence game, double or otherwise, or any other kind of game. Though maybe I should have more of my friend Nelson Algren's cynicism and humor about the whole confidence game of literature which is being practiced in this country today. Listen to Nelson in his current book called *Conversations with Nelson Algren*, compiled by H.E.F. Donohue, and a very funny and shrewd book it is. This is Nelson Algren's commentary on Saul Bellow and on *Herzog:*

> Q: Who are writing the big books in America these days?
> Algren: Oh, there are none that I know of. . . . There are a lot of good little-book writers.
>
> Q: Who are they?
> Algren: Oh I always bring up that Terry Southern because of that one book. He's a good little-book guy. Saul Bellow is a good little-book guy. . . . I've had enough of Saul Bellow. He's got something called *Herzog* coming out. I know *Herzog*. I mean I've read Saul.
>
> *Herzog* is as much a repetition of Bellow as *Lonigan* is a repetition of Farrell. Saul just keeps doing *Herzog*. I don't mind him doing it, but I won't bother to read it....

Now maybe that is the right way to take Saul Bellow's *Herzog*. It is certainly a professional view by a fellow writer, and it certainly contradicts all the pompous critical nonsense which is quoted just above Algren's commentary. Yet I don't think it quite explains the book or the critics accurately enough. I think that while *Herzog* is a repetition of Bellow, it is a repetition with significant differences. For the book is much worse than this; it represents a deterioration of Bellow's craft into sheer nihilism, into nastiness and even a kind of spiritual obscenity. And the fact that our leading publications and critics do not immediately recognize this, and instead praise the book even more highly, also says something significant about the whole state of our national psyche today.

Herzog could be related to Arthur Miller's recent stage fiasco, *After the Fall*, or to Norman Mailer's new novel, *The American Dream*. In a sense, these literary works, typical of the mid-sixties, have given up all pretense of concern with the outside world, with history and society today. Moreover, they have no concern with the *internal* world of people, feelings, human relations; and in plain words, these modern American literary works have negated all the conventional values of literature as we know it. But then what *are* they concerned with? Well, in each of these three typical works, the central figure is in effect a wailing infant, who is, I presume, the author himself. Now this infant-hero in male clothing is complaining that his life has been ruined by a woman, or by a series of women, or by his false friends, or in short by other people, never himself. This contemporary hero (of *Herzog*, of *After the Fall*, of the new Mailer novel, of all the later John Dos Passos chronicles of moral disintegration) looks back upon the ruins of his own life without any sense of understanding, or recognition, or, God forbid, any possible sense of his own personal or moral responsibility. And he then declares that therefore contemporary life, society, culture and history are also without any meaning, and are simply a comic farce. Now I know this sounds very peculiar, but it is precisely what *Herzog* is all about; and this wailing infant, excluded from human love and human history alike, is the real hero of this preposterous novel.

This doesn't mean that Bellow doesn't *pretend* to have a serious

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social concern which is revealed through the series of letters which Moses Herzog writes steadily to important political figures, among others. But these letters are mad, disorganized, fragmented, absurd; one assumes they are supposed to represent the state of contemporary culture and its absurdity. But what they really do reveal is Bellow's own absolute lack of concern with any contemporary reality outside of his own now-disorganized and, I suspect, injured ego or self-image. He couldn't care less.

But the question I have been trying to get to here is, what is really wrong, what is so disgusting, so horrifying, so tedious, about *Herzog?* And the answer is simply: everything, almost everything. The central love affair, the terrible marriage, the false fatherhood of the novel's hero; all this is without meaning, and we, in turn, couldn't care less. There is no love in this novel; there is no sense of marriage; there are no parents, no children. And despite the long series of Moses Herzog's women, there is no sexuality here, no pleasure in sexual love or passion, no feeling about women except maybe a barely disguised hatred and malice and disgust. If I were a Leslie Fiedler-type critic, for example, I would now be talking about Saul Bellow's "homosexual imperative," or something. But I don't even think it adds up to that; it is pre-sexual, pre-Oedipal, infantile vanity which sets off the novel's hero and the novel's author alike. And while I am at it, what I really despise most in *Herzog*, as an American-Jewish critic myself, is what I believe to be its false Jewishness, as I wrote about Saul Bellow some years ago in my *American Moderns*, which has all the shameful sense of shame of *being* a Jew, and no pride, no pleasure, no joy in that, to me, great tradition.

What Saul Bellow had, when he was at least being serious, was a profound sense of alienation—which he attributed to his Jewish background, but which I always attributed to his parents, or lack of parents, or maybe just to his own peculiar character, temperament and nature. For what is really wrong with *Herzog*, of course, is its central vision of life. Just as in Bellow's "Jewishness," there are no extremes here – of joy or suffering, pleasure or pain, wisdom or folly – and no alternatives, but only a compelling, all-pervading, all-embracing sense of mediocrity. What a dreadful man, what a dreadful writer, what a dreadful novel! And *this* is the hit of the fall season of 1964 on the American literary scene! It was, as I remember, the gifted English novelist, Gabriel Fielding, who said a writer must write out of his pain and his obsessions perhaps; but never "from the mere fantasy of fruitless frustration."

Mélange à Trois

CABOT WRIGHT BEGINS by James Purdy. New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux. 228 pp. $4.95.

Reviewed by IRVING MALIN, *a critic of the American Gothic novel.*

JAMES PURDY hates our society: "Trees are rubber tires and condoms. Dirt is cigarette butts propped on sparkplugs. The birds, gophers, rats, field mice, wood pussies and summer rattlers are old-fashioned jacks, air pumps, fan-belts, 1928 inner tubes. Everywhere ads tell you what you are about to do and did." What is clear from these spiteful lines is that Purdy believes "unreality" assaults and traps us: we can no longer distinguish between Nature (trees, dirt, our own wholeness) and Artifice (condoms, inner tubes, ads). We are automatic, false, empty.

Purdy tries to destroy our counterfeit lives. He does not offer realistic snapshots; he does not repeat the same old documentaries. Instead he uses black comedy, wild juxtapositions, and obsessive imagery—what I call Gothic – to capture the truth of our falseness. Gothic is, by its very nature, artificial and flat; thus it *mirrors* accurately our average routines.

On one level *Cabot Wright Begins* is a detective story. Who is Cabot Wright? Why did he rape three hundred women? Does he exist now? Such "crazy" questions are asked by Bernie Goldheart and his ambitious wife as they attempt to get "all the facts." But in this odd detective story, those who seek the truth refuse to recognize it.

Bernie, Carrie Moore (his wife), Zoe Bickle, and Princeton Keith – all the detectives – are completely committed to unreality. They cannot bear any truth, especially about themselves, because it violates their compulsive patterns. They manufacture lies. Bernie thinks that he is a writer – after his wife tells him so – but he can only sell cars. Carrie regards her narcissistic marriage as wholesome. Their roles are so fluid that they become mother and child, scientist and Frankenstein. *They lack hard identity*. They try to capture Cabot Wright – whoever he is! – so that he can *fix* their roles.

After Wright meets Bernie – only one of his many "fans" – he realizes that although he can no longer remember his past rapes, he is more real than this "writer." He is "right"; he owns some truth – even if it is horrifying. With the help of Zoe Bickle, he begins to search more thoroughly for himself. What does he find? He attracted (and frightened) women by his seductive innocence, his hard truth. He was

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more complex than the man in the newspapers: "Because I was never really the man I read about in the papers. That is, I suppose, I was never really Cabot Wright." Now he admits that he raped for "the fun of it." He does more: he laughs: "Lying down on his side, Cabot relieved himself in laughter. His laughter was like a paroxysm, neither willing nor unwilling. His regions from the breastbone down shook in helpless hapless hopeless waves of self-relief, which happily for him was one prolonged orgasm."

Purdy also laughs. Despite his angry and cruel denunciations of American life – from "non-books" and Reichian quacks to paranoid corporation presidents – he understands that our society symbolizes the human condition: Life is counterfeit. Death is waiting. Emptiness consumes humanity. Purdy is a fierce moralist; he asks us to laugh at our absurd plight. "Meaning is there is no meaning but the laughter of the moment made it almost worth while. That's all it's about. We was here, finally laughed." Cabot rises from the "deadly monotony of the human continuity" when he lies on the ground, "weeping a little from the pain of his laughter, a thread of drivel coming down from his mouth onto his pointed dimpled chin."

Of course, it is easy to condemn Purdy: he "favors" rape. He laughs at us. He is excessive. But what can *we* offer as solutions to our problems? Battles against poverty? Complete statistics? Hollywood honesty? Rape and laughter at least compel us to examine our superficial motives and easy cures. Should we lock up Cabot because he finds enjoyment – and so do his "victims!" – in ways outlawed by society? Does his dark comedy disturb our safe routines? We probably nod to both questions; then we settle back into our secure falsehoods. Or . . . ?

Notice that Purdy constantly introduces the idea of art. Rape, laughter, art – all three cures are linked in Cabot Wright's mind. He *begins again* only after he rewrites his own life – rescuing it from many fake writers and publishers. When he lies on the ground – a childlike rapist – he must describe his experience. He must put the truth in words. This is why he calls "Central Information Bureau" and writes to Zoe Bickle. Cabot is "alone again"; yet he has social responsibilities. The paradox symbolizes Purdy's own position. He writes his black book to liberate us from our lies, knowing that he cannot easily convince us of his lonely vision – *one which assaults us through laughter.*

Purdy uses imagery to convey his themes. He emphasizes deception. When Carrie and Joel make love, they clasp "each other like stars before a cameraman who had shot this scene innumerable times before." Princeton Keith says: "We'll make you eat shit and call it filet mignon. . . ." Carrie and Zoe talk as do Purdy's automatons; their words cover their real feelings: "You work at never saying or showing what you feel or think or are." Warburton rants: "The true sexual orgasm in America takes place today in the popcorn bag in the movie theatre on your right, before a baseball game on TV while chewing 80 percent fat hamburgers." Hamburgers, words, love-making – all these are pictured as American lies.

Not only are we false to ourselves; we are constantly *observed* or *manipulated*. Bernie listens on the phone to Carrie and Joel, her Negro lover, in bed. Later he stares at Cabot through a hole in the floor: "They confronted one another between ceiling and floor, interminably." Zoe Bickle gazes at Bernie while he sleeps. Television allows us to see intimate scenes of hygiene.

Opposing images, which describe Cabot, are violently natural. Before he rapes anyone, he says: "Get deadly." He reads a book about the "Cuckoo-Pint which attracts flies by a carrion stench and by the lurid purple of the club of its flowering axis. . . ." He walks ahead to his next rape: "His ears heard only the grinding pumping of coitus in all nature's sounds and voices. He heard flesh tear as he extended his feet to walk. The whole earth contracted, tumesced, stiffened, pumped, exploded, dissolved into thick viscous fountains." He collects clocks: "Before everything happened to me," he explained, "I don't think I thought about clocks or time. Now it's almost the only thing – I won't say I think of – but that holds me, the old heart's tick-tock as it fills and empties itself of blood 75 times a minute!"

The imagery asserts that we must confront these tensions – between "mechanical" deception and "pumping" nature – in our own ways: "No one knows how the arteries and nerves of the man next to you make him see you and the world that surrounds you both." Cabot is alone when he laughs; Bernie is alone when he recognizes his limitations; Princeton is alone before he kills himself.

Despite the repetitious incidents and cluttered sermons *Cabot Wright Begins* is brilliantly effective when Purdy allows his images to *live his characters*. Cabot "ticks" as do his clocks and pulse, especially when he says HA! to the world itself. HA! helps him to be more than another grotesque image; it makes him defiantly human.

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